BRITANNIA and EVE

JULY, 1953 TWO SHILLINGS

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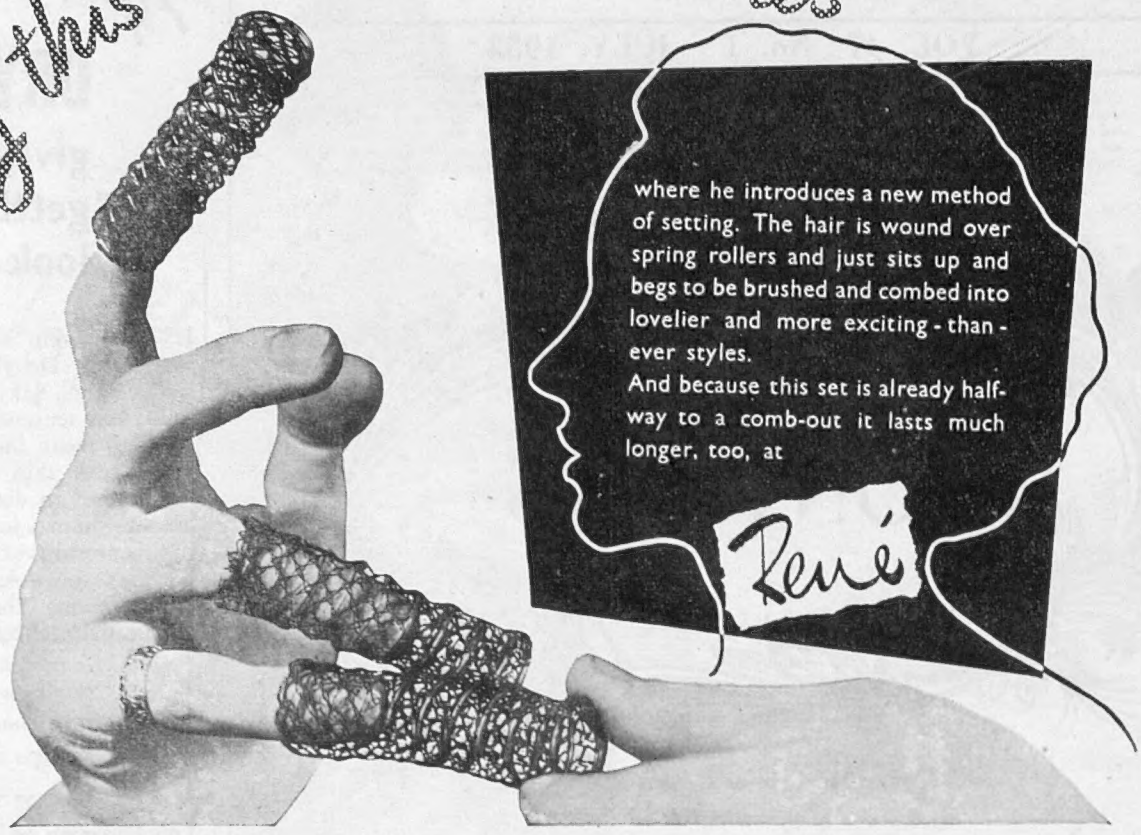
It's Spring this Summer at René's



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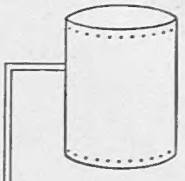
GOOD FOOD
by the feastful

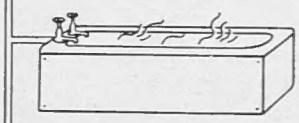
ON THE TOP OF THE AGA are two big hotplates: each of them will take three 8-pint pans at a time. The boiling plate is also the fastest in the world — it boils water, from cold, at a pint a minute. As well as this, it is the grilling, toasting and frying plate. Next to it you have the simmering plate, just as big.

Then there are two big ovens. The top one, for baking and roasting, comfortably takes a 20 lb. turkey — and will cook it like a dream. The simmering oven, below, is the same size. This is where you bottle fruit, and gently bring out the goodness in your soups and stews and casseroles; where you leave stock and porridge safely cooking through the night. And it will keep hot meals hot for hours without spoiling.

HOT WATER
by the tun

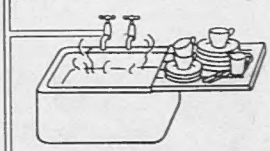


lots of it all day long



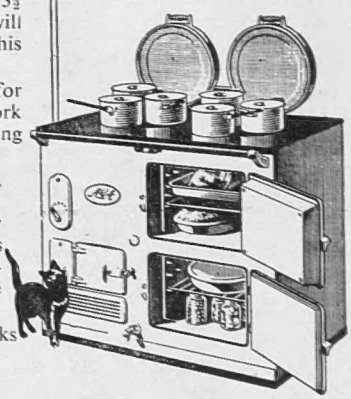
enough for three baths a day

a useful 'wash'



and all the washing up

and your cooking goes on just the same!



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Suppose it saved you 1/6 a day. That is enough to buy the Aga for you. Hire purchase can be spread out over as long as five years, with instalments of as little as £2 a month and remember there is no Purchase Tax. The Aga guarantee is for *ten* years. Aga models from £90 to £123 ex works

All this by the one fire in the AGA

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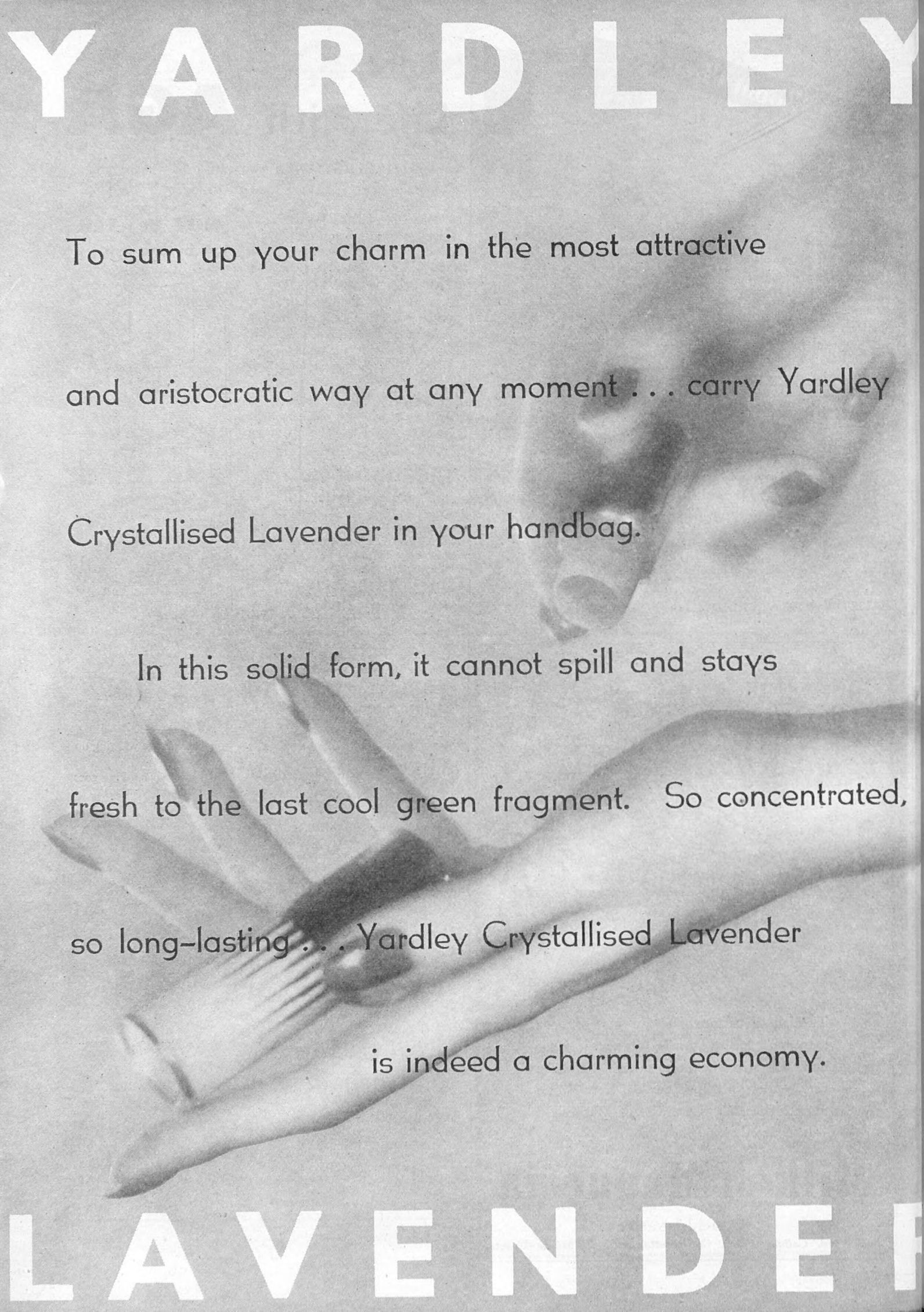
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LAVENDER

The Little Red Bag

BY
MONICA EWER

ILLUSTRATIONS BY D. L. MAYS

AT seven in the morning Gran rolled her apron into a piece of brown paper and skewered her hat into place. She was a brisk, vigorous woman of sixty, with bright, intelligent eyes and a mouth puckered at the corners by a life of hardship.

"First day of the holidays." She sighed in unison with her nine-year-old granddaughter. The holidays were a trial to them both. Gran was out at work all day and Jenny had endless time on her hands. "You be a good girl and maybe I 'll bring home kippers for our tea."

"Yes, Gran."

"And mind how you cross the road and don't let no strange men talk to you."

Gran sighed as she looked at the fair, pale child in the faded cotton frock. It wasn't right leaving her alone like that, but if Gran didn't work they couldn't eat.

"I 'll be back about half-past six. Good-bye, lovey."

Jenny slowly washed up the cups and saucers, made the beds and swept the room, and it was still only nine o'clock. She 'd go for a walk. She'd look in the shops. She 'd go right down to St. James's Park and see the ducks.

SHE 'D play her favourite pretend game. Mum would be looking into the shops with her, they 'd be deciding what they 'd buy. Dad would have bread in his pockets for the ducks and he 'd show her which duck was which and tell her their proper names. It wasn't so lonely if you had a dream world in which to hide.

She 'd take her little red bag, which was her greatest treasure. Last Christmas off the school-tree she 'd got a plastic bag with a gilt top. She hadn't anything to put inside it, but just to feel it in her hand made her seem more important.

The only remaining problem was to get out of the house without being seen by the inquisitive Mrs. Smithson, who lived in the room across the hall, and who always kept her door open so that she could know everything that was going on.

Jenny moved softly in vain. "Morning, Jenny Where you off to ?" Mrs. Smithson always asked questions.

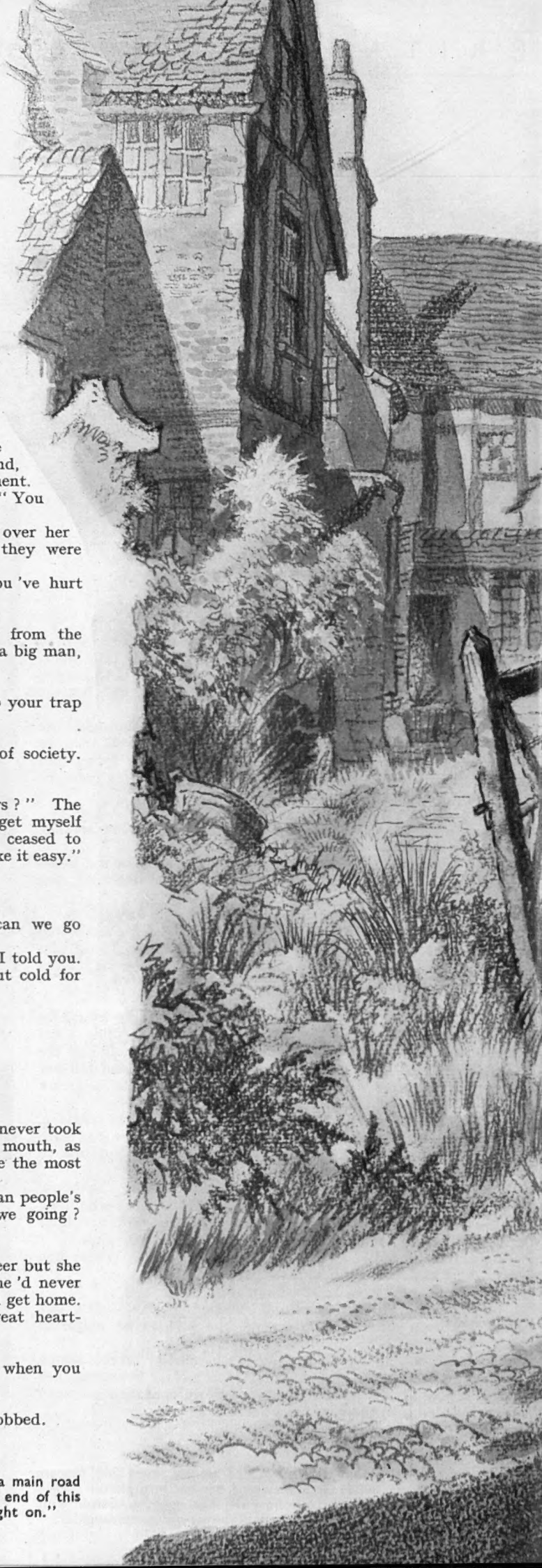
"Just going for a walk, Mrs. Smithson."

Jenny dived for the door and escaped. Gran didn't like Mrs. Smithson either, but she said one had to be polite to neighbours.

There weren't many children in their shabby street, which was wedged between much smarter streets. Swinging her little red bag, Jenny took a short cut down a narrow one-way street that led into the big, rich streets.

Jenny slowly washed up the cups and saucers while Gran skewered her hat into place. "First day of the holidays." She sighed in unison with her fair-haired, nine-year-old granddaughter.

Jenny was just an enchanting child who longed for a father of her own.



She noticed a young messenger carrying a small parcel, with red sealing-wax on the string. A car came down the street, a man jumped out, he hit the messenger from behind, and took the parcel. The messenger slumped to the pavement.

Jenny rushed at the man, beating him with her fists. "You mustn't do that!" Her voice was high and shrill.

The man looked down at her in surprise, put a hand over her mouth, pushed her into the car, and a moment later they were moving away.

"You can't do that," she repeated indignantly. "You 've hurt him and——"

"You shut up or I 'll do the same to you."

She stole a startled glance as the car shot quickly from the one-way street into the main stream of traffic. He was a big man, broad-shouldered, with a rugged face and laughing eyes.

She lowered her voice. "But he 's hurt," she said.

"He 'll be all right. And you 'll be all right if you keep your trap shut." His voice was rough but not unkindly.

"But why did you take his parcel?"

The man chuckled softly. "Because I 'm an enemy of society. See?"

"A what?"

"A grown-up delinquent. Don't you ever read the papers?" The man was watching the traffic closely. "And I had to get myself landed with you!" As they circled the roundabout he ceased to press the car. "Take it easy, Jo," he said to himself. "Take it easy."

"Is your name Jo?"

"Happy Jo."

"MY name is Jenny," she volunteered. "Please, can we go back now and see if the boy is all right?"

"Will you shut up about the boy? He 'll be all right. I told you. I do it scientific. Hit 'em the clever way and they 're out cold for half-an-hour. After that Bob 's your uncle."

"Are you sure?"

"What you take me for? An amateur?"

"What 's that?"

"You don't know much. How old are you, Princess?"

"Nine."

"Go to school?"

"Yes. It 's holidays now. I don't like holidays."

"Why not?" He did not glance in her direction. He never took his eyes off the traffic. The words came easily out of his mouth, as if carrying on a conversation under such circumstances were the most natural thing in the world.

"There 's only Gran and me, and she has to go out to clean people's offices." The streets had become unfamiliar. "Where we going? I 'll never find my way home."

"I 'll see you get home. Don't ask so many questions."

Jenny fell silent watching the street. It was all very queer but she wasn't frightened. It was fun to be driving in a car. She 'd never been in a private car before. And he 'd promised that she 'd get home.

Suddenly she realised a terrible thing and gave a great heart-rending wail.

"Now what 's eating you?"

"My bag. My little red bag. It must have dropped when you pushed me in the car."

"What was in it?" he asked sharply.

"There wasn't nothing in it—but it was my bag," she sobbed.

Jo pointed across the field. "There 's a main road along there. I 'll walk with you to the end of this field," he said, "then you go straight on."

" Shut up, will you ? "

" Please, please drive back and let 's see if we can find it."

" Don't talk silly," he said gruffly. " Bit of a bag that hasn't nothing in it."

She gave a long, quivering sigh. She couldn't explain about the little red bag. People wouldn't understand that it was precious. She took a grubby handkerchief out of her sleeve and wiped her face. He wouldn't go back. She knew when a grown-up had given her a definite refusal.

Now she saw that they were on a wide, busy road, with houses in thin lines and fields beyond.

" We 're almost in the country," she said, awed.

" North Circular."

" It 's lovely."

She gave herself up to the pleasure of looking at the fields and trees beyond the houses. Sometimes there were cows in the fields. Once there was a machine cutting a field of grass.

RELAXED at the wheel now, travelling steadily.

" Like the country, Princess ? "

" It looks ever so nice."

" Don't your Dad ever take you any place ? "

" I haven't got a Dad. If I had I expect he would take me— Oh, everywhere." She glanced at Jo and smiled. " I expect my Dad was a bit like you."

" Crikey, no ! I hope he was a lot better."

" I don't remember him. Aren't you good ? "

" Not so as you 'd notice."

" But you 're nice. I like you."

" Thank you, Princess. I take that kindly."

" You got a little girl of your own ? "

" Not me. I 'm like you, Princess. I ain't got nobody and I ain't missed 'em."

" Oh, I have ! " she said emphatically. " Must be real nice to have a family." She added thoughtfully. " I suppose even Mrs. Smithson's family love her."

" Who 's she ? "

Jenny told him all about Mrs. Smithson and about East Street where there were hardly any children, and about her schoolteacher who knew almost everything, and about Gran who might be bringing kippers home for tea.

" So I mustn't be late, must I ? " She laughed suddenly, sweet and clear. " Gran said I wasn't to speak to strange men. But you 're not a strange man, are you, Jo ? I mean, Gran would like you."

" That I very much doubt," he said crisply.

" She would. We always like the same people. Jo, if you were my real dad what would we do ? "

" Let me see—we 'd go to the circus. Ever been to the circus, Princess ? "

" No."

" When I was a nipper I had a job once helping water the elephants. You 'd be surprised what an elephant drinks ! "

HE went on telling her the most enthralling things about the circus till he ran out of material.

" What else would we do ? " she prompted.

" We 'd go and have a great blow out—somewhere posh—and we 'd have steak and chips and ice-cream."

" Would you buy me a doll ? "

" Yep. One that opened and shut its eyes."

" What else ? "

" I 'd spank you when you were naughty."

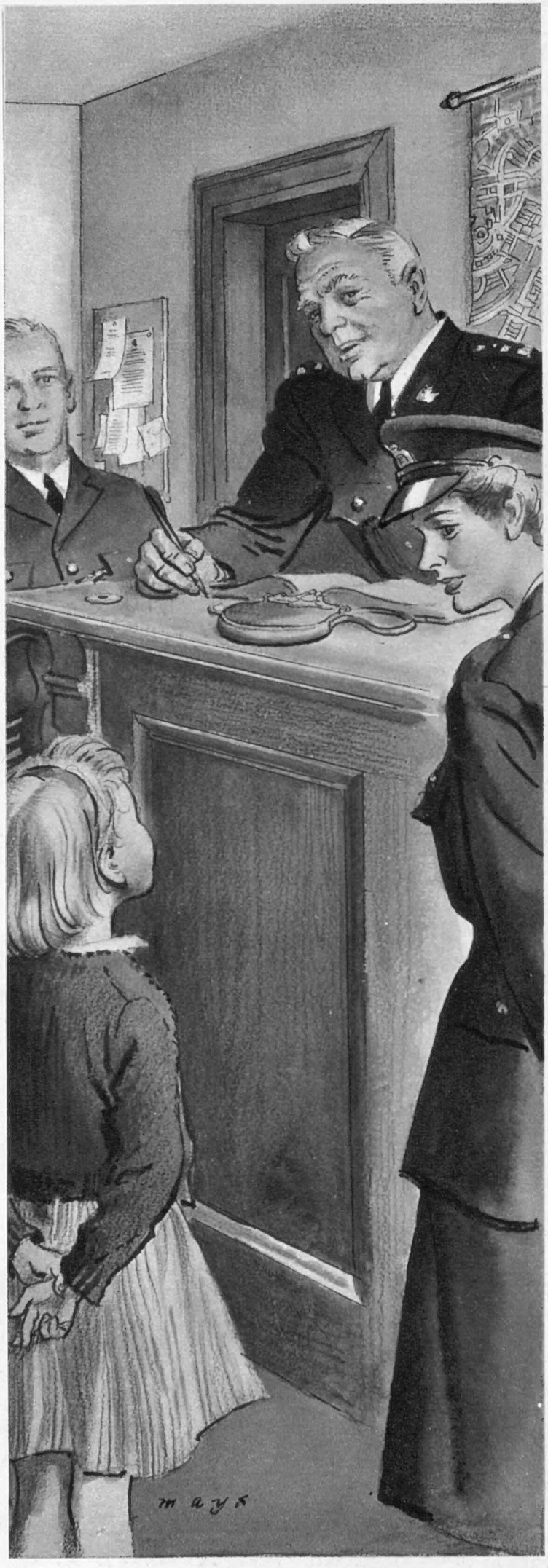
" And when I was good ? "

" I 'd let you stay up till I came home from the pub."

" When would that be ? "

" Don't you know what time the pubs close ? "

They both thought that very funny. They laughed a lot. Jenny had never before let a grown-up into her dream world, but this was a very special understanding kind of grown-up. (*Continued on page* 68.)



On the counter in the police station lay her precious bag. From behind the counter the inspector looked at her kindly. " Take your time, young lady. No need to be frightened."

BUT IS IT THE LAW?

We hope there will be no need for you to invoke the law while you are on holiday, nevertheless it is reassuring to know where you stand if a dispute crops up

FIVE million people, so it is estimated, are taking their summer holiday in Britain this year, and the hotels hope to do record business.

A considerable number of these holiday-makers will be travelling by car, but how many, I wonder, know these legal points which might well prove useful to them on their way?

For example, did you know that an innkeeper is, by law, bound to provide a traveller with everything he needs on his journey?

One day recently, when my husband and I were touring in Devonshire, we had become extremely hungry by one o'clock, but it was one-thirty before we could find an inn which advertised lunches, teas and dinners.

When we asked if we could have lunch, mine host said: "It's too late, we finished serving lunch half an hour ago."

"Could we have some bread and cheese then, or sandwiches?"

"No, we don't serve snacks." And he disappeared.

Now that man was an innkeeper and, as such, by the ancient laws and customs of England, dating to the twelfth century, and traceable even further back to Roman times, he was bound to "receive and entertain passengers, wayfaring men and travellers." This includes the provision of food, refreshment and lodging, and any innkeeper who fails to fulfil this duty is liable to be prosecuted, unless he has what the court considers are reasonable grounds for refusal.

BUT before you go as far as this, do make sure that the place about which you are making your complaint *is* an inn.

In law, an inn is a place catering mainly for travellers, and a residential hotel does not come within this category, neither does a public house that has no sleeping accommodation or a restaurant.

However, it is not necessary for an inn to be licensed, and a temperance hotel may well be an inn.

Anyone may put up a sign outside his house that it is open to receive travellers, and thereby he automatically acquires all the rights and duties imposed on an innkeeper by law.

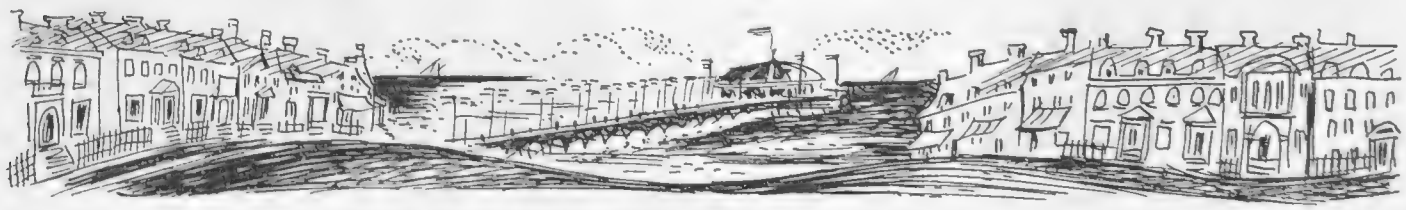
Did you know, for instance, that whatever the innkeeper provides must be at a price in keeping with its quality?

Thus the price for bed and breakfast at a small country inn, with no water or electric light, should not be four guineas; but this price might be quite reasonable for a luxury hotel.

Similarly, it is a crime to charge an exorbitant price for a mediocre meal, and if you feel that you have paid far too much for what you have had, you are within your rights in instituting proceedings against the innkeeper —if you have enough courage!

One night, on our motoring holiday, we arrived at an hotel in a small West Country town, and went in to ask for a room. (*Continued on page* 64)

By
JOANNA LEE



Rings On Her Fingers

IT all started in Eden where if Adam had presented the lady with a diamond bracelet—which no doubt she would have approved—distracting her from that unhappy fruit, history might have run a smoother if less intriguing course.

Instead men have been losing their hearts and heads ever since and the laying of treasure at women's feet is an irresistible compulsion which jewellers have very properly set themselves out to sustain and encourage even to this day. They, however, would be the first to admit that certain disruptive factors have entered the human scene in recent times to undermine their mission in life.

But though the palmy days have gone, though not so far as one would think—men are still susceptible and some of them still have money—the jeweller has his memories.

Into the great jewellers of London's Bond Street have walked the aristocracy, the famous and the infamous, the wealthy and the penniless. They have left behind them in the carpeted quiet of those treasure houses pages of history that sizzle with romance, intrigue and humour.

To be the witness and participant in such affairs without in the least appearing to be a part of them, the man behind the glass counter in one of the great jewellers must be a mind reader and a diplomat.

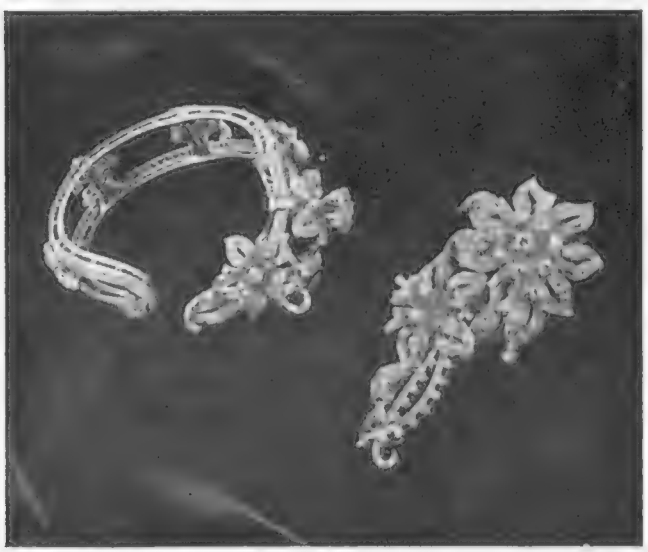
FOR instance there was an Indian prince once who walked into Asprey's showroom and announced to an assistant: "I have taken a second wife."

The assistant was impassive. Those were the days when impassivity laboured under a daily strain. "Unfortunately my first wife is upset," continued the prince, "she is breaking her heart. . . ." Could Asprey's help him to mend it?

In a private room the afflicted prince was shown diamonds —emeralds—sapphires. Jewels enough to mend the most shattered heart, but no. . . .

The first wife, he explained, had jewels—oh, many jewels. What else would heal the grieving heart? Choice rested at last upon a travelling toilette case. Gold-capped crystal bottles, gold scissors, secret drawers, every implement of beauty known to woman. The price? A thousand pounds, a mere trifle for something so important. The assistant relaxed, the prince smiled for the first time. Then, the afterthought: "But, of course, a basin."

There was a split second of hesitation by the assistant.



Above and right: Diamonds and platinum for a suite consisting of necklet, ear-rings and bracelet with interchangeable pieces. Below: platinum and diamond clip

For centuries men have lost their heads and hearts and laid gifts of jewels at the feet of women. Times change, but this is a custom that never stales

"For washing hands, you know," the prince explained. Asprey's knew, of course. Basins were not normally associated with their merchandise but it could be arranged. "In gold, please," said the prince casually. And gold it was.

Two days later the prince was back.

"My second wife," he said unhappily, "is jealous. Another toilette set please—*and* a basin—in silver. She is only my second wife, you understand?"

THIS was a younger prince, a little less perceptive than the one who, around the same time, ordered travelling toilette cases for each of his five wives. He gave his instructions with superb assurance and great accuracy. "Four are to be in silver and one in gold. The gold is for my first wife." Gold-edged toilette cases were evidently a good standby in some circles about that time.

Such gestures are few and far between in these times but before the first World War Asprey's recall with nostalgia not entirely commercial, when it was no uncommon thing for young Guards officers to make more than one call a week at their establishment to choose a little something for the actress of the moment. A ring, perhaps, or a pendant—a hundred pounds or so was neither here nor there. Bond Street then, during the London season, was a parade of high fashion, high living and, (*Continued on page* 66)

Extreme left: One of pair of platinum and diamond drop ear-rings. Below: a diamond and platinum bouquet clip

In Search of Ancestors

MAWNAN SMITH tells people who find the past more interesting than the present how to trace their ancestors without moving very far afield

ON the wall of the main office of the learned Society of Genealogists, in Malet Place, London, W.C, hangs a cartoon with this caption: "For 10 guineas we'll prove you are descended from William the Conqueror. For 20, we'll prove you *are* William the Conqueror. . . ."

Actually, it is not so simple to prove you have a past, but quite often it is much less expensive, and every day letters from all over the world come into the Society. People who emigrated from Britain themselves or whose fathers or grandfathers sailed long years ago, want to know all they can about their British ancestors.

The Society is used to this sort of thing and back to the inquirers go forms asking for any details they may already know about their ancestors, such as their names or the district in which they lived or died.

The society's secretary, Mr. V. W. B. Church, a retired bank official from India, explains: "We must have some idea where their forebears lived before we can do anything."

And for us here in Britain, how can *we* start to prove that we have a past, too?

The first thing is the simplest: to look through the records at Somerset House which go back to 1837, the year in which the registration of births started.

It is a fairly simple matter to trace one's ancestry back this far, from father to grandfather and great-grandfather. The more difficult part of the search is to go beyond, back into the generations when there were no birth certificates, where the main clues are found in old parish registers.

HERE is where the Society of Genealogists lends a hand. In their offices, they have files of at least 5,000,000 personal names; records of more than 6,000,000 marriages and 5,000 complete parish registers, as well as hundreds of specialized books and catalogues, to a total value of £25,000.

It is possible to trace your family back hundreds of years—and never have to leave their offices while you do so!

The cost of this search naturally depends on the time taken.

The Society charges a researching fee of seven-and-sixpence an hour (one dollar to Americans) for digging up the roots of your family tree. You may find that a complete family pedigree costs only £5 in such fees, or it may cost two or three times this amount.

The best way of all, of course, is to do the "digging" yourself in your own spare time. This you can do if you join the Society (three guineas a year subscription if you live in London; two if you don't). Then all their immense resources are yours to use.

The Society of Genealogists is a non-profit making concern. It was started early this century by a group of men who found the past more interesting than the present, and new members join every month.

The archives of the Society of Genealogists contain reference books, old documents and manuscripts which are of invaluable assistance in tracing a pedigree

THERE is a tremendous satisfaction in tracing your own family line down the years, but many people have shocks awaiting them.

An American of high renown discovers that an ancestor who was always supposed to have sailed on the Mayflower was, in fact, run out of England at a rope's end for stealing a sheep. Others discover intrigues, romances and evil deeds which they never imagined could have affected their families—before they started to probe into the past.

Some people, doing their own research, find with alarm that their surnames often peter out altogether in the 1700s. This is in fact quite a commonplace and not discreditable!

In those days, the surname (from French sur=on, an *additional* name) was often altered. In English law it is the Christian name that cannot be altered.

Servants of those times often took the names of their (*Continued on page* 66)

A WEEK before his death I met Sherwood in a turning off Fleet Street. Usually he had a woman with him, but tonight he was alone

The Perfectionist

By

EILEEN ALDERTON

Illustrations by

S. VAN ABBÉ

SHERWOOD'S last and most successful novel sold at twelve and sixpence, the title, in thin letters, slanting drunkenly across a dust-cover coloured pink. Shortly after its publication his death was announced in the press. He had shot himself in his London flat.

Now there was no reason on earth why Sherwood should shoot himself. He had everything a man could want—money, success, popularity. He was a celebrity and his death made "news." I had acquired the habit, being a journalist, of poking my nose into matters which were not my business and the Sherwood case aroused my curiosity. Instinct told me that there was more in it than met the eye.

"I can't believe it," I said at breakfast, reading the account of the suicide in the morning paper on which I worked. Sherwood's name stood out in fat black type.

Midge gave me a cool, dispassionate stare. She said: "It's in *all* the papers, so it must be true."

Midge's slighting remarks about the *Daily Bulletin* annoyed me. She referred to it as a "rag" and as the "gutter press." After all, I'd worked hard to get that job and Midge hadn't done so badly. She had domestic help and these electrical gadgets that make women's lives worth while and all the clothes she wanted, although she wasn't extravagant over clothes.

Sometimes I wished she *would* break out and wear mad hats or do her hair a different way. She was very slight with exceptionally small hands and feet. Her clothes were neat but, due perhaps to her lack of height or lack of enthusiasm over fashions, she never looked what I'd call glamorous. If I suggested she should have her hair cut short or wear bright colours—I like women to look gay—she would give me that cool stare and ask: "Why? It wouldn't suit me. I shall wear exactly what I please."

That morning Midge looked hygienic, neat and a little dull. I had been married to her for ten years and I knew—although I wished I didn't know—that for me, at least, the gloss was wearing thin.

MIDGE finished her breakfast, saw the children off the premises and got herself ready for this job she insisted on doing since the children started school. It was some sort of library work but I knew little about it. She never discussed her work with me. All her movements were quick and efficient and she acted as if I wasn't there.

"I might be late," I told her. "I'll ring you up."

Midge said calmly, "I may be late myself."

"You know," I said, "I think there's a big story in this Sherwood business. He's not the type to kill himself."

Midge's back stated plainly that it was disgusting how the *Daily Bulletin* couldn't even let a man kill himself in peace but she only said: "Goodbye!"

She wore a black suit, a white blouse and a small black hat. The outfit was expensive but, I thought, dull; almost like a uniform. I'd been noticing lately what other women wore but I knew it was no use telling Midge. She hated to look conspicuous and she wasn't even fond of perfume. Very deliberately she walked to the door and was gone.

I sat at the breakfast table and wondered, as I did nearly every morning, whether it was her fault or mine and what was the root of the trouble between us. I wondered why our conversations always lagged and why, though she managed my household competently and was never quarrelsome, I kept wishing she was different from what she was. And surely Midge hadn't always given me that cool, irritating stare? There had been a time when she had welcomed my affection —ardent despite her natural shyness, and strangely humble. Because I knew that several times I had let her down and disappointed her (I was well aware I was no ideal husband) I shelved the question and turned back to the Sherwood case.

I had been at school with Sherwood and, reading of his death, I remembered him not as I had seen him last—holding an animated, egocentric conversation at a press party (the sort of party Midge, who hated drink and noise, would rather die than go to) but as a boy. I remembered the greyness of a Midland winter afternoon and felt the dry ground unresisting beneath my boots and my fingers aching-blue and the biting wind cutting across a sooty playground. I saw Sherwood with the football running and he was laughing and the wind had reddened his rough, pugnacious face.

"Run—you soppy ass!" he said, strong, belligerent.

I SAW him on the tram going home to tea, thick, stumpy fingers chapped with cold, ingrained with ink, football boots tied by the laces round his neck. On top of the swaying tram he lit a cigarette and put it between mobile greedy lips. And from the tram I saw the city spread beneath us in grey and shabby splendour, metallic in winter light, with the canal, red as blood where it caught and held the bulbous, orange sun.

Sherwood's uncle owned the local paper and we went in together as office boys. We shared an attic office five feet by six and the office smelt of cheese. We fetched and carried and made endless pots of bitter tea. And then Sherwood went to London and made the grade.

When he was twenty-five he became a columnist on a London daily with his name—Neville Sherwood—bold across the page. He was thirty when his first play ran in London. He travelled widely and his books sold well. Occasionally over the years we met and had a drink together but our worlds were far apart. For I was never a great success. Sherwood had raced ahead of me. He was a writer and I a mere reporter, a recorder. There is a world of difference. I always knew my work would never be widely known like his.

WHILE Sherwood wrote his London column I spent years in the provinces. I wrote reports on flower shows and village fêtes and insignificant crimes tried in local police courts. My big ideas receded in my mind until they broke up and scattered and were gone.

I met Midge at a horse show and shortly afterwards I married her—a ghastly wedding with a three-tiered cake and weeping matrons and confetti and old shoes and Midge's old man making speeches—followed by a honeymoon in Bournemouth. It was years before I found my present job in London, when Midge and I lived comfortably and the kids were sent to decent schools. I never knew whether it was I who had changed over those long hard years or she, but

BRENDA'S flat was untidy. By the window was a clay model and I had to stop and look because that idiotic grin seemed just about to break

I WENT to see Midge and the children off at the station. Suddenly and spontaneously I held her close and said, "Come back, darling"

whatever it was we had in the old days we had lost it now. It wasn't as if we quarrelled. It might have been better if we had, but we couldn't even hurt each other now. Our relationship, lacking in excitement, was quite devoid of pain. There lay between us only an indefinable abyss of indifference.

A WEEK before his death I met Sherwood in a greasy turning off Fleet Street. He was a thick-set man of medium height with thickening jowl and receding hairline. His face, still pugnacious, was intelligent, with quick, mobile lips and penetrating eyes and a quick, spasmodic grin which spread in creases over the florid face with a mirth that was contageous and spilt like wine, giving you the feeling that a delightful streak of idiocy ran through his being. Usually when I met him he had a woman with him. I had met him with many women. Tonight he was alone.

He wrung my hand and grinned and made me feel that meeting me was the best thing that had happened to him recently. How dominant he was, and egotistical! Successful in his work and with his women; restless, humorous and callous, with a charm which won him many friends and, by its very casualness, held them on the fringe of his life with no ties, demands or obligations to mar the friendship or keep him from his wanderings.

He was just back from somewhere in the East and, so he said, had so much to tell me.

"Have a drink on me this time," I said.

"Can't chum!" said Sherwood, very cheerful. "Got to meet a friend. Come along as well. Girl I've known for years. Called Brenda Boles. Isn't it a ghastly name?"

"I suppose it is," I said, as usual my vitality ebbing in the face of his.

A bulky figure in a thick dark overcoat with a brown trilby pulled over his eyes, he began to heave with laughter. "Brenda Boles—Brenda Boles—a damned silly name!" and I laughed a little, too.

"You'll like Brenda," he said, "at least, I think you will. Doesn't make a fuss. Remember the Yankee girl?"

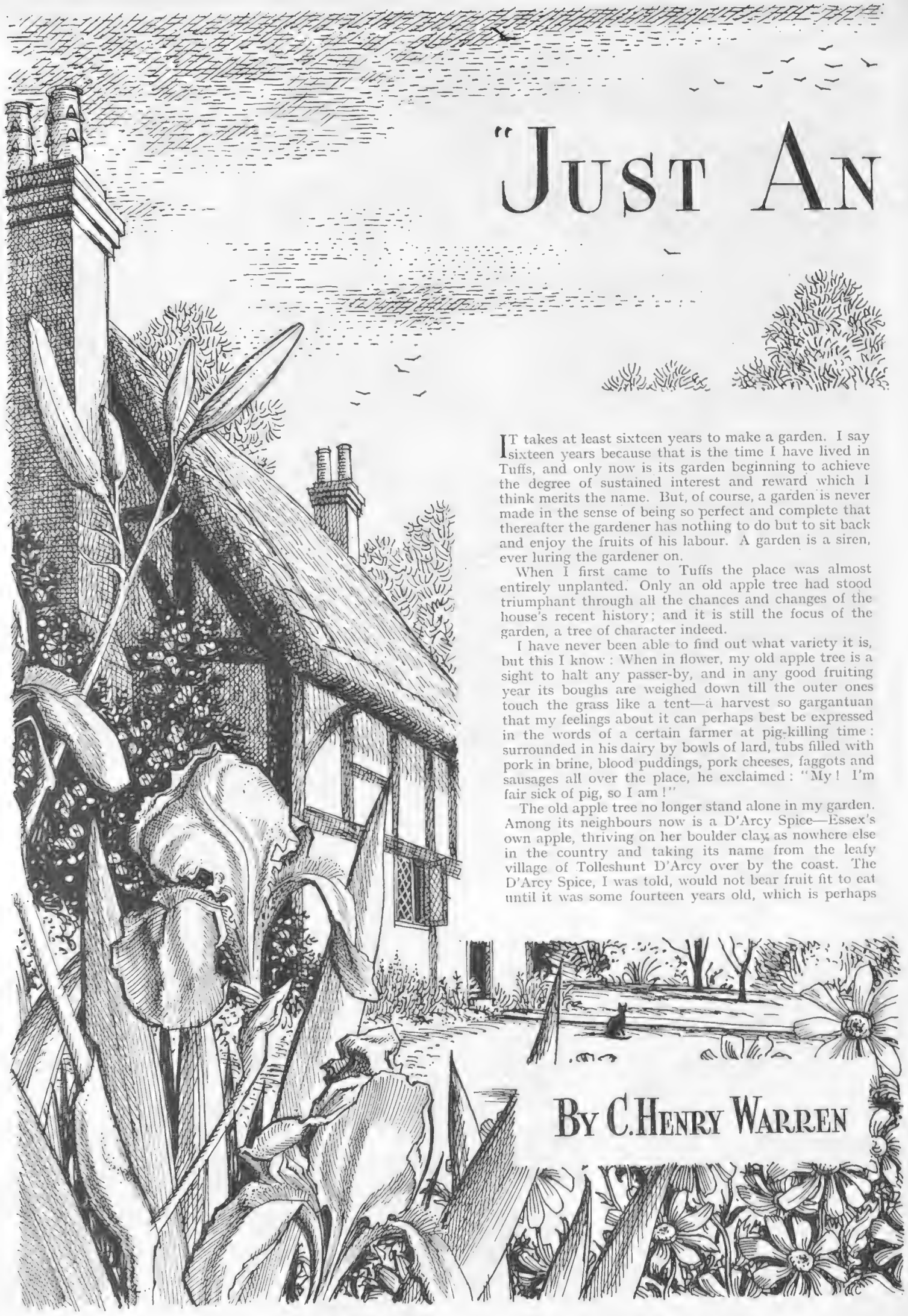
"The blonde?" I said.

"That's her." Sherwood pushed back his hat and I saw his merry little eyes in the light of the street lamp. "Oh dear—what a scene! What a terrible scene! What a horrible onslaught! Possessive women, my dear boy—you've no idea...." He was laughing and shuddering and hailing a taxi.

WE drove south-west. The river swelled high and oily and there was a strong wind blowing. We got out on the Embankment near Chelsea Bridge and walked down a narrow gas-lit alley enclosed in high brick walls.

This club he knew was called "The Circle." The alley was very dark but over the entrance of the club a pale light flickered and on the wall opposite I saw chalked up in childish capitals: "DICK LOVES LIZZIE . . . MARY IS A FOOL" and a poster, peeling, raggedly, "SOUTH LONDON (*Continued on page 52*)

"Just An



By C. Henry Warren

IT takes at least sixteen years to make a garden. I say sixteen years because that is the time I have lived in Tuffs, and only now is its garden beginning to achieve the degree of sustained interest and reward which I think merits the name. But, of course, a garden is never made in the sense of being so perfect and complete that thereafter the gardener has nothing to do but to sit back and enjoy the fruits of his labour. A garden is a siren, ever luring the gardener on.

When I first came to Tuffs the place was almost entirely unplanted. Only an old apple tree had stood triumphant through all the chances and changes of the house's recent history; and it is still the focus of the garden, a tree of character indeed.

I have never been able to find out what variety it is, but this I know: When in flower, my old apple tree is a sight to halt any passer-by, and in any good fruiting year its boughs are weighed down till the outer ones touch the grass like a tent—a harvest so gargantuan that my feelings about it can perhaps best be expressed in the words of a certain farmer at pig-killing time: surrounded in his dairy by bowls of lard, tubs filled with pork in brine, blood puddings, pork cheeses, faggots and sausages all over the place, he exclaimed: "My! I'm fair sick of pig, so I am!"

The old apple tree no longer stand alone in my garden. Among its neighbours now is a D'Arcy Spice—Essex's own apple, thriving on her boulder clay as nowhere else in the country and taking its name from the leafy village of Tolleshunt D'Arcy over by the coast. The D'Arcy Spice, I was told, would not bear fruit fit to eat until it was some fourteen years old, which is perhaps

ORDINARY GARDEN"

one reason why it is not much planted to-day, but mainly persists in old, matured gardens where one knows there will be a medlar-tree, a quince-tree and a mulberry-tree. But so fine an apple, rough-skinned and rusty-coated, as befits the harsh month of March, when it must be eaten, and of a flavour so very distinctive, is surely worth waiting fourteen years for?

A friend of mine boasts that he includes in his breakfast, all through the winter, a dish of figs preserved from his own garden. My fig-tree, however, battling against more inclement weather than his and possibly a hundred years younger, is scarcely as prolific as this.

I therefore content myself with the more modest claim that I can bring to my breakfast table all through the winter a baked Golden Noble; and anybody who has not savoured this delicacy, white and flaky as snow, does not appreciate how good a baked apple can be.

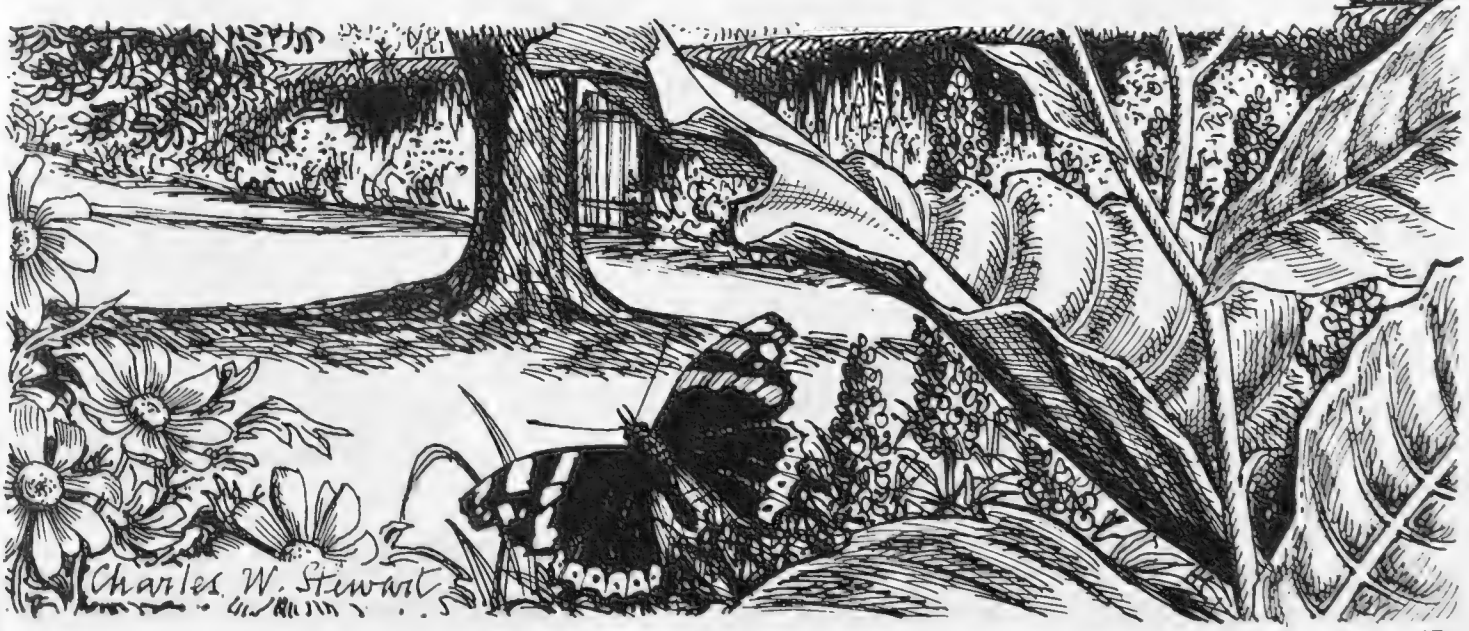
THE trouble with fruit-trees in a small garden like mine is that when they arrive from the nursery (that happy autumn day when the lorry pulls up at the gate, and the trees, in their bits of sacking, are one by one laid out on the lawn) it never seems possible that in so short a time they will spread their boughs and demand far more space than you have allowed. This was certainly the case with me. For, in addition to apples, I planted pears and plums, greengages, quince and fig, walnut and almond, until from being the bare patch it was sixteen years ago, Tuffs' garden is so overgrown with fruit-trees, shrubs, climbers and creepers, that unless I do something, I shall soon be caged in greenery like the princess in the fairy-tale.

I did not begin with fruit-trees, however, when I set about stocking my garden. It seemed to me that something gay and colourful was first called for. "Fruit-trees will give you that," said a practical friend, "and something to eat as well." All the same, I first planted flowering shrubs, and was careful to include, in addition to the usual kinds, a number of winter-flowering varieties, such as viburnum, daphne, witch-hazel, jasmine and winter honeysuckle, so that there might be as few weeks as possible, even in the bleakest season when there was not something in the garden either in bloom or at least in bud. A small sprig of *Viburnum fragrans* or of the sweet-smelling *Daphne mezereum*, picked in drear mid-winter, can be as rewarding as whole bushes of bloom in spring and summer.

NEVERTHELESS, Tuffs' is essentially a spring garden. I like my garden to be in the nature of a celebration after the rigours of winter, a festival of resurrection. When summer comes, all I ask is a place of green shade and privacy for ease and meditation; but the more exultant and vigorous mood of spring demands, at least for me, its flowery counterpart; my garden then must sing with colour as it rings with bird-song.

One of the nagging fears of every gardener (and he always has some fear nagging at him) is that he may have to be away from home just when one or another of his favourite plants, which he has coaxed and coddled through eleven months of the year, is in bloom. Whenever he goes away, he is certain to miss something. But on no pretext whatever should he allow himself to be beguiled away during the first fortnight of May.

(*Continued on page* 67)



HOLIDAY PROJECTS

An easy piece of knitting is an agreeable holiday pastime. Here are three knitted accessories, simple to make and useful to wear on holiday. The larger picture shows a versatile pale-blue scarf-cap, which knots at the back, and can be worn in a variety of ways as hat or cravat. The smaller picture is of another cap in black, tied on one side, and a polo-necked gilet, both of which can be contrived from two ounces of wool.

PALE-BLUE SCARF-CAP

THIS cap picture below, left, is made in two pieces and sewn together as shown in the diagram. It takes just a little over one ounce of three-ply wool and is worked throughout in garter stitch on No. 11 needles.

Start at the point, by casting on 4 stitches. Knit two rows, then increase at the beginning of every other row (by knitting twice into the second stitch) until there are 58 stitches. Then decrease 1 st. every row at the shaped side until there are 22 stitches. Then decrease one on alternate rows until 20 stitches remain. Then reduce one every 4th row until 6 stitches remain. Decrease 1 at the beginning and end of every other row until 2 stitches remain. Cast off.

Work a second piece in the same way and join them together as shown in the diagram. This can now be worn in a variety of ways, as a cap as in the photograph, or as a cravat as shown in the sketches.

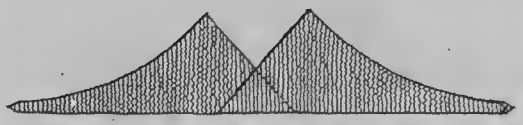
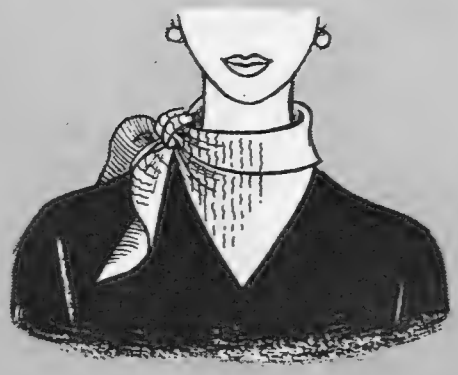


Diagram showing how the two triangles are assembled for the blue scarf-cap opposite.



Two alternative ways of wearing the blue cap as a necktie.

POLO-NECKED GILET

THIS gilet, worn in the picture, left, with the black cap, takes about an ounce of three-ply wool and is worked in garter stitch and ribbing on No. 11 and No. 12 needles.

Starting at the lower point, cast on 6 stitches. Increase 1 stitch at the beginning and end of every 4th row until there are 52 stitches. Knit 7 rows without shaping, before fashioning the neck thus: *Knit 19 stitches, turn, leaving remainder of stitches on a safety-pin. Decrease 1 st. at neck edge every row 4 times; then decrease 1 st. alternate rows, twice. Knit 12 rows, then increase 1 st. at neck edge alternate rows twice; then every row 4 times. Cast on 7 stitches at neck edge. Now decrease 1 st. at shoulder edge every 4th row until 23 stitches remain; then decrease 1 st. each row 6 times. Cast off.**

Take off 14 stitches from those on holder and work the remaining 19 stitches to match the first, repeating from * to **.

With No. 12 needles and right side of work facing, pick up 26 stitches from right side of neck, take 14 stitches from holder, pick up 26 stitches from left side of neck. Rib k. 1 p. 1 for 4 ins. Cast off. Work a loop buttonhole and sew on button at the back of the neck.

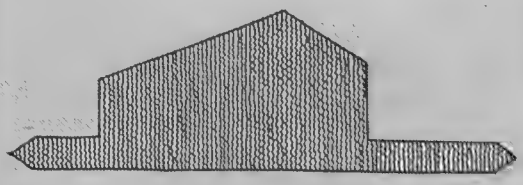
A sketch of the polo-necked gilet to show the construction.

Diagram of the black scarf-cap, top left, knitted in one piece.

BLACK HAT

THIS takes just over an ounce of three-ply wool and is worked throughout in garter stitch on No. 11 needles. It is one flat piece of knitting as shown in the diagram, which can be tied in many different ways.

Cast on 4 stitches and make the point by casting on 1 st. at the beginning and end of every 4th row until there are 18 stitches. Knit 9½ ins. without shaping, and then cast on 48 stitches. Increase 1 st. every 4th row at the shaped side until there are 82 stitches. Then decrease 1 st. at shaped edge every 4th row until 58 stitches remain. Cast off 38 stitches and knit without shaping for 3½ ins. Decrease 1 st. at beginning and end of every 4th row until there are 2 stitches. Cast off.



People In Miniature

By Ruth Miller.

The Duchess of Kent

WITH her Lilliputian portrait figures, Mrs. Lilian Lunn has evolved an exclusively feminine art form. Her only tools are crochet-hook and stitching needle, her only raw materials are gaily-coloured threads—wool, silk, tinsel—anything crochetable and stitchable. Her results: faithful, stitched portraits; graceful figures expressively sculptured in wool.

With the prosaic resources of any housewife's work-basket Mrs. Lunn has created a delightful miniature cavalcade of women through seven centuries. Her collection of 170 figures, each about 14 ins. high, mirrors the history of fashion—both in costume and in deportment. No accessory-detail is too small for Mrs. Lunn to be fussily exact about; no change in height of waistline, in pride or concealment of bosom too slight for her to indicate. Epochs and individuals express themselves in their deportment, and Mrs. Lunn's women are as poised or as demure in carriage as their character demands.

It is difficult to decide whether her feature-stitching or her "carriage sculpture" is the more remarkable achievement. Carriage often speaks as plainly as faces. Queen Victoria and Mae West—and there are more subtle examples—don't even need to show their faces to convince us that the one is "not amused" and the other very much so!

Mrs. Lunn discovered this new medium quite by accident. She was ill during the war and did a good deal of knitting for charities. One day, while talking to a friend, she said: "I twisted some pink wool round my fingers—you know the way we all do when we are thinking of something else—and suddenly I saw a blank face staring at me. So I picked up a needle and thread—I suppose I must have been doing some mending, and stitched in the features. And there, before my eyes, was someone I knew well, staring at me."

The young Queen Victoria

She had always been interested in miniature-painting and had done a good deal herself, which means she has an eye for detail. So it was only a matter of switching her talent from an old-established, accepted medium to an entirely new, self-created one and wool-sculpture began.

A combination of faithful costume-reproduction and character portraiture is the essence of this collection. "Once I knew I could do full-length portraits with my stitching, there was no holding me. I just had to go on!" And everything developed quite automatically. She decided to show women's fashions through the ages and to do portraits of English Queens, famous actresses—living or dead—writers: in fact, any woman of character and poise.

HOW is it possible to produce these fine upstanding figures with nothing more solid than thread? How can wool and silk stand up? It's all a matter of handling, of ingenious method.

Head and body down to the waist, including arms, are hundreds of strands of thin wool (the kind normally machine-knitted into underwear) wound round and round. The resulting egg-shaped form is then carefully moulded into head, neck, chest, waist and arms. To separate head from the rest the neck is "taken in" with horizontal strands of wool. Easy so far.

Then a few strands are taken from the lower part to make the arms. Skilled but still straightforward. Now comes sculpture proper, as much an art in wool as in more orthodox materials. For every period, and to a lesser degree for every individual, the body has to be shaped differently. The allure of Madame Pompadour in her décolleté is helped along with crocheted brassiere padding out the chest under her dress. (*Cont. on page* 65)

From an Aubrey Beardsley drawing

Lifelike portraits of living people and centuries of costume are represented in an exhibition of wool sculpture at the Festival Hall this month.

The artist's gift of lifelike portraiture is seen in the models of our own Queen Elizabeth and of Queen Charlotte, wife of George III, on her right, and the young Queen Alexandra, her great-grandmother, on her left. The interest of the medieval lady and Polly Peachum, in the foreground, lies in the accurate and detailed reproduction of the costumes

Variations On A

What would romance have been without the chocolate box, where the young suitor of the past without this beribboned offering to his lady love? Here we visualize the theme and variation of the chocolate box against the background of the social scene

Chocolate box pictures of 1869 to 1876 from the Cadbury collection. The three in the centre are of German origin because in the earliest days of the chocolate box picture, before the 1860s, colour printing was not done in England, and strips of pictures were imported from Germany and mounted on the boxes here

Chocolate Box

"Catherine" box by Lewis Baumer, 1928–30

IF you are young enough, a chocolate box is a pretty piece of cardboard—a receptacle for those delicious cream centres that a magnanimous Food Minister has recently brought into your life. If you are older it is a nostalgic thing that brings back memories of boy friends before the war (they call them beaux now) of glamorous boxes tricked up with satin bows that crackled their fancy papers in the theatre; of romances that came and often went as lightly as the delicious contents of the box.

Still farther back along the trail are memories of jade cigarette holders, sirens on settees showing a daring measure of silk-clad leg, goo-goo eyes beneath cloche hats—the era of emancipation and chocolate creams.

It is all very sad that the war seems to have finished the chocolate box. Perhaps it was dying anyway. Perhaps the ritual of courtship needed a change and accepted the American "corsage" along with Lend-Lease and the rest of it. Perhaps the girl who added an adjective to the vocabulary was already on the way out, along with her own brand of chocolate box prettiness.

TODAY'S suitors buy their chocolate offerings (if any) in hygienic, "untouched by human hand" packaging and decline the offer from the salesgirl to repack them in a cardboard box, "we have them at two and three and three and six, sir." In any case it is a box that has broken with tradition. It is tasteful, discreet, even glamorous, but never sentimental. As for the chocolate box face, it is quite gone, but it had a long, long run. There were, of course, occasionally variations, Anne Hathaway's cottages, red roses in full bloom, graphic English landscapes cropped up from time to time and had their successes, but it was the "cover girl" of the chocolate boxes that touched the right chord.

Those were the days when—women being strictly practical creatures—you put your chocolate boxes to practical use. You kept your hankies in the box with an adorable girl on the lid that he had said reminded him of you. You kept your lesser trinkets in the one that you never looked at without recalling the night you went with Brian to see Ivor Novello at Drury Lane. There was perhaps a plush-covered cabinet on your dressing table for gloves (what a handsome boy he was . . . and what a bore). That was orderliness that made some point of tidiness. Like *Un Carnet de Bal* each box recalled an old romance. Chocolate boxes and popular tunes have the same nostalgic charm.

All this was in the years between the wars. It may have been different before then, though it seems unlikely judging from older boxes. Feminine tastes cannot have changed much since Mr. Richard Cadbury first had the brilliant notion of boxing his chocolates with pretty coloured pictures on the lids. That was way back in the 1860s.

It was a bold thing to do. Whether or not he realized what aid he was rendering to the tongue-tied suitor of his day is not recorded.

His artistic effort "reflects great credit upon him," was the pompous press opinion of the day, so maybe being an artist had something to do with it. But there was also some shrewd business sense, too. Surely this was an early example of what is now scientifically categorized as "sales psychology," a case of what is shown on the label is found inside.

ANYWAY, it worked, from the earliest days of the picture on the chocolate box, when there was yet no colour printing in England. At that time pictures had to be imported at great trouble and expense from Germany, but through a succession of blue-eyed children in muslin, holding kittens, followed by girls in picture hats with swansdown bathrobes slipping from white shoulders, and flappers in Louis-heeled slippers, the boxed chocolate has had it over the plain wrapped variety. What man of intentions would dream of purchasing a *slab* of chocolate for the lady of his choice.

It is not *beaux arts*, either. It wasn't every artist who could paint a chocolate box winner. It was early in the thirties when Cadbury's decided to raise the standard of chocolate box art. They (*Continued on page* 61)

Miss Hook of Holland, early 1900

Typical chocolate box face of 1900

Mother's

BETTY GRAY, lipsticking her mouth at the dressing table in the bedroom window, gazed through the net curtain at the street—shabby the place was getting after these few years, most of the front gardens untidy, kids with scooters at the corner, laburnum trees out. Often she felt dispirited that this was as far as they had got in twenty years, with Charlie nothing but a shophand; but, of course, the war made a difference, set him back.

Not that the war had not been rather fun, Charlie away, the Yanks at the airfield two miles out, good times she'd had. But now they were long over, and the world drearier. Leading to what? she sometimes asked herself, and shrugged.

Still, tonight was better, Wednesday, the night Charlie always took her out. She'd his tea ready for him. It was only the pictures, and a drink after in the Lion, but she looked forward to it.

Then she saw Mr. Jennings coming down the road—tall, thin in his old overcoat, with his long, sad face. She put the lipstick down, apprehensive, and went to open the door to him. It could only be Roger.

"What's happened, Mr. Jennings?" she asked. "He's not in trouble again?"

"Nothing to worry about, Mrs. Gray," he assured her, taking off his hat as he came in. She shut the door quickly behind him.

"It's just that he hasn't reported to me," he said. "He is supposed to, he knows that. I thought I'd look in to see if everything was all right."

"Oh yes, he's fine. He's really behaving."

"I hear he has changed his job."

"Well, you can't blame him," she said quickly. "He wasn't getting anywhere. It's the call-up. They know he has got to go in a year, so they won't give him anything with a future to it. Now he's gone over to the Gas, at least he's got something to come back to when he's done his service."

"It's quite all right," he soothed her. "But he ought to have asked me first. He knows that is a condition of his probation."

HER fright was passing, and she could start to plead more easily. A softie, really, this Mr. Jennings, for all the power of the court behind him.

"He won't let you down any more, Mr. Jennings," she promised. "I know there's been trouble in the past, but it wasn't much, and he's got a good home here. . . ."

"Too good, Mrs. Gray. You spoil him."

"Oh, now, you can't say that. After all, he's my own boy."

Mr. Jennings shook his head, but kindly. He had been kind to Roger, and to all of them, she had to admit that. In some ways, she rather liked having him call. Ugly he was, but quality, you could see that. And a brain to him. She knew that he had been to a university. Sometimes she wondered what he'd be like with a woman.

Then Charlie came in, hanging his mac on the peg by the door.

"Hallo," he said, "you here? What's the boy been up to now?"

"It's all right, Charlie," she hastily intervened. "Roger just forgot to report

WHEN the boy came in the very sight of him relieved her doubts. "Hallo Mum," he said smiling. "Oh, hallo, Mr. Jennings"

"A child is what you make him," said Mr. Gray

Boy

By
DUDLEY BARKER

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
TERENCE FREEMAN

like he should've done, and Mr. Jennings very kindly called round to see about it."

"What's kind about it? If the boy hasn't done nothing, why not leave him alone, give him a chance, eh?"

"Now, you turn it up," she said warmly, "and go and get your tea. It's waiting."

"No, wait a minute," said Mr. Jennings, "let's get this straight. I believe in Roger, I'm on his side, just as much as you are. Do you know what I'm trying to do? Keep him out of Borstal. No, hear me out. That's where they wanted to send him last time. Four times he has been on probation, you know that. It was I who asked the court to give me one more try with him. But he has got to play the game with me, Mr. Gray, stick to the rules."

The father shrugged, unwillingly silent.

"He changed his job without telling me. All right, he has gone to a good job, I'm for it. But how about evenings? He's spending them at that grubby little tea café, with a pretty rough lot, Mr. Gray. And if he gets into a mess just once more, it'll be Borstal, I'm telling you that."

"But he hasn't done anything. You damn him in advance."

"And now he is going round with some girl."

"Who?" asked Betty sharply.

"Girl named Ruth Andrews."

Betty laughed, relieved. "Oh, there's nothing in that. She's a neighbour's girl up the road, (*Continued on page* 62)

HISTORICAL ROMANCE

The daring exploit of Colonel Blood

By JOHN HERBERT

ILLUSTRATIONS BY R. HODGSON

ONE April day in 1671 there entered the Tower of London an elderly-looking gentleman in clerical garb. Escorting a lady companion, he seemed as respectable and unremarkable as any of the other visitors who that day thronged the Tower. Certainly no one would have guessed that the ecclesiastical cap and the priestly cloak and cassock were a disguise and that the venerable beard hid the hard-bitten features of that prince of Restoration rogues, Colonel Thomas Blood.

Masquerading was nothing to Colonel Blood, alias Ayliffe, alias Allen; Anabaptist, Quaker, doctor—all these parts he had played at different times when evading justice or on some shady exploit. And now in the disarming rôle of clergyman he was embarking on the most daring enterprise of his career, the theft from the Tower of the Crown jewels of England.

It was a wild and hazardous scheme, one that only Thomas Blood, with his record of bold and violent escapades —among them a fantastic plot to seize Dublin Castle, a dashing rescue of a prisoner friend bound for York under military escort, a kidnap attempt on the Duke of Ormonde (a particular enemy) in London's West End—could have conceived; for though the jewels themselves were very lightly guarded, the Tower was surrounded (then as now) by its moat and massive double walls and manned by Yeomen and soldiers of the King's Guard. But Blood had laid his plans carefully.

In charge of the regalia was the Assistant Keeper, Talbot Edwards, an old soldier who lived with his wife in the Martin Tower, above the semi-basement chamber where the jewels were housed. To insinuate himself into Edwards's good graces as an amiable and harmless cleric was therefore Blood's first aim.

Into the jewel-room he walked, his companion on his

MRS. EDWARDS brought the ailing lady—now declared by Blood to be his wife—a soothing draught, and she soon recovered

arm; and with her stood admiring the exhibits. Then suddenly the lady appeared to be taken ill and, racked with pain, begged Edwards to fetch her a drink. The old man hustled off to tell Mrs. Edwards, who brought the ailing lady—now declared by Blood to be his wife—a soothing draught and took her upstairs to rest.

The lady soon recovered and she and "Parson" Blood left, warmly thanking the couple; and a day or so later Blood was back again with a gift of gloves for the helpful Mrs. Edwards. Thus the acquaintanceship, so carefully cultivated by the scheming colonel, quickly ripened into a friendship that gave him the pretext for setting his trap.

Disclosing that he had an eligible nephew with a few hundreds a year, he said that he understood that Mr. and Mrs. Edwards had a pretty, unmarried daughter. "If your daughter be free," he said, "and you approve of it, I will bring him hither to see her, and we will endeavour to make it a match."

The old soldier and his wife were delighted with the idea and persuaded Blood to stay to dinner, afterwards proudly showing him round their house. As for Blood, he was only too glad of the chance of spying out the land, and he cunningly relieved the unsuspecting Edwards of his only weapons—a brace of pistols—by buying them off him, allegedly as a gift for a young friend. Before leaving he took care to fix a date for the visit of his "nephew"—a date poor Edwards, to his sorrow, was long to remember.

A WEEK or so later, early on a May morning, Parson Blood returned, this time meaning business. With him were his "nephew" (in reality his son, known as Tom Hunt) and two other accomplices, Richard Holloway and a man called Parrot. While Holloway stayed outside to keep guard the other three went into the house. And then Blood said that his wife was coming shortly and suggested that until her arrival he and his friends should not join Mrs. Edwards and her daughter but spend a few minutes looking at the jewels. Edwards gladly agreed, for how could he know that the kindly cleric and his two polite companions had desperate designs on the regalia and each carried under his cloak a sword-stick, a dagger and a pistol?

Downstairs they went, and as soon as they were in the jewel-room they shut the door and fell on Edwards, gagging him and threatening to kill him if he made a noise. But the old man courageously refused to submit, whereon they knocked him down and knifed him, finally leaving him for dead. Then they grabbed the regalia, Blood taking the crown, Parrot the orb and Hunt the sceptre.

SO far the plan had gone well; but here fate stepped in to mar their hopes of success. By the strangest chance Edwards's young soldier son arrived home at that moment on leave from overseas, and went upstairs to greet his family. Blood's scout Holloway, on seeing him, dashed in to warn his accomplices, who at once made off, Blood and Parrot with their loot but Hunt without his sceptre, which he had been trying unavailingly to saw in two.

After that things happened quickly. Young Edwards discovered his father who, now miraculously revived, started to shout: "Treason, treason. The crown is gone!" The alarm was given and the pursuit began.

Eluding the hue and cry, Hunt and Holloway managed to get clean out of the Tower and mount their waiting horses; but Blood and Parrot were less lucky. Before they had got very far they were seen; and doubling back on their tracks they were caught up by young Edwards and a companion, who captured them and relieved them of their booty. Blood, as the Royal headpiece was wrested from him, uttered the classic remark: "It was a gallant attempt, though unsuccessful, for it was for a crown!"

Nor in the end was Hunt more fortunate, for as he was galloping away from the Tower he was recognized as a man wanted for an earlier offence and (*Continued on page* 60)

AS soon as they were in the jewel-room they fell on Edwards, gagging him and threatening to kill him if he made a noise. Blood grabbed the crown, Parrot the orb and Hunt the sceptre

A Kitchen

WHEN it comes to planning the ideal kitchen most of us are day-dreamers. The dream kitchens we preside over generally add up to something approximate to the more luxurious colour advertisements and are planned for any house but our own.

In reality, plans for a kitchen are far too individual to be blueprinted en masse. Makers of equipment are not to blame if their advertised schemes are unrealistic as applied to one's own needs. Their plans are made for hypothetical cases.

Generally speaking, the equipment offered is flexible enough to fit all needs. This is the great advantage of the unit plan. The secret of a comfortable and efficient kitchen lies in fusing the fittings and equipment offered with our individual needs. Given the money to make a start and a clear idea of what you like best and most need in your kitchen, it is all plain sailing.

The design of the ideal kitchen must depend upon the kind of life its owner leads. A woman who is fully committed to a domestic life is surely best suited by a plan which is perhaps more homely than functional? One might say that she needs a comfortable workshop more than a laboratory. Any plan is, inevitably, conditioned by the size and proportions of the room. A good kitchen table where she can iron and take informal meals; a cosy chair to sink into with some darning while the meal is cooking, are only possible if the room is big enough, but excepting in smaller flats, the average kitchen allows of some such plan.

ON the other hand, the woman who divides her life between running a home and doing a job needs a different set-up. Not for her the more spacious plan. The extent of her cooking operations is narrow by comparison with those of the woman who cooks for a family. She is a bird-of-passage in her kitchen while the other is more or less permanently nested there. The career housewife really does need a kind of sorcerer's chamber where miracles can be wrought. Limited space that might seem constricting to one who spends long hours at kitchen tasks is, to her, an advantage. Layout and equipment must be contrived for speedy operations.

But whether housekeeping is a whole-time or a part-time job there are things in plenty about a kitchen which must be planned for the owner and no one else. Sink and surfaces must be at the right level for her height. This is an axiom almost too obvious for repetition, yet it is still largely ignored.

Temperament shapes the character of the woman's workshop to a large extent. The extent of her enjoyment in cooking and domestic tasks is an index to her tastes in kitchen layout. If she derives a real aesthetic pleasure from cooking it is possible that the highly mechanized kitchen will not appeal to her. The craftsman cook tends to linger in her kitchen rather than to get things over with as fast as modern mechanics can contrive. It will give her more pleasure to see her cookery implements neatly displayed than concealed in streamlined cupboards.

The opposite temperament—in the majority today—finds pleasure in mechanical devices for their own sake. The "touch of a switch" kitchen is her ideal. Labour-saving devices which draw a kindly veil over the chores are her best friends.

Unfortunately it happens too seldom that any of us can plan a kitchen from scratch exactly as we wish. One is always "making do" with what the last people have left behind or, in these days, with what the economic situation dictates. Just the same, alterations and additions to the existing plan can be undertaken in stages. It is, in some ways easier to make a happy reconstruction of a room with which one is already familiar. A successful new plan is more likely to evolve from working experience with the kitchen than by theoretical planning in advance. To be on good terms with your kitchen means that it adapts itself to You. There is no real harmony with one which forces you to do the adapting.

The busy woman's choice is likely to be a purely functional kitchen like this one with its supremely efficient English Rose unit fittings and G.E.C. refrigerator. A bright wallpaper and some framed flower prints combined with chintz curtains give a softer touch to the functional character of the fittings

Made For You

There is no disparagement of the modern mechanized kitchen in the claim that some homes are best served by one which offers the more variable uses of the old régime. This room, which artist John Laurence has visualized, is typical of the older house—it could easily be a basement room—commodious enough for a stimulating colour scheme and the equipage of a cosy workshop and setting for informal meals. Most such rooms have an adjacent scullery which, in this case, the artist has pictured with streamlined English Rose unit fittings. Thus, at the business end of the outfit sink, cooker, working surfaces, storage cupboards and a large G.E.C. refrigerator are segregated to the advantage of the "day room" kitchen

Too Good To Be True

By LAUREL PASCAL

ILLUSTRATIONS BY S. TRESILIAN

YOUNG Mrs. Fletcher, trim in checked overall, and with her fair hair tied back in a pony's tail, surveyed her bright little kitchen with less than her usual satisfaction. Monday was washing-day, and Mr. Fletcher was heavy on shirts. He was heavy on handkerchiefs, too, and if appearances went for anything, used them instead of blotting-paper, and for such odd jobs as dusting the office and rubbing up the grease caps of his car.

She sighed and turned on the gas copper.

Washing-machines, Peter had said, cost money, and if Anita wanted one that badly she'd better take a lodger. The idea had seemed a good one for at least ten minutes but from then on both the Fletchers had indulged in gloomy forebodings. In their small, top story flat the presence of a stranger would be all-pervasive. And a girl lodger, Peter said, was not to be thought of. She'd be for ever washing her hair and her nylons.

Anita was even more doubtful about having a man. He was bound to be in the bathroom and whats-it at the wrong time, and he'd lose his latch-key and wake them in the middle of the night. He might even bring his girl friends home. The prospect of nipping this tendency in the bud filled Anita with alarm. How could one do it tactfully?

Perhaps it would be a good idea to type out a series of those nasty little cards one found in boarding-houses: NO RADIO AFTER 11 P.M. PLEASE LEAVE THIS BATHROOM AS YOU WOULD WISH TO FIND IT. She giggled suddenly. After Peter's bath in the morning the place was like a swamp. Puddles and wet towels, discarded shirts or socks. As a lodger, Peter would qualify for a week's notice on his first day. . . .

The bell rang. "Mrs. Fletcher?" the stranger asked. "My name is Bates, Stanley Bates. The Bijou Agency tell me you have a room to let."

"Come in," Anita said, while all the time she longed to tell him to go away. Only the mental picture of a white, shiny gem of a washing-machine saved him. Not that Mr. Bates was unpleasant to look at. On the contrary,

MR. BATES was delighted with the roof garden. He admired everything, including the window-boxes made and painted by Peter, the box hedge and the bay trees

"GOULASH, greedy," Anita told him as he looked in the oven. "He's only here for a month and he paid in advance." She waved the notes under his nose

he was dark and sleek and well groomed, and with an extra inch or two of height would have been quite good-looking.

She threw open a door. "This is the room," she said defiantly. She hoped he would say it was too small, but he didn't. He took a quick look round, noted the h. and c. basin and built-in wardrobe, admired the view from the window and congratulated her on having a fire escape.

"Handy things," he said, with a grin.

"You don't smoke in bed, do you?" Anita asked, uneasily.

"Don't smoke at all—or drink," said Mr. Bates.

Anita was reassured. It would be awful to have a drunken lodger in her dear little blue and white room.

"I'll take it," he said. "Will three and a half guineas be all right?"

"But I told them two and a half—with breakfast," Anita protested.

"I don't take breakfast," Mr. Bates assured her, "not even a cup of tea. All I want is a room to sleep in. I promise I won't be any trouble."

"But three and a half guineas . . ." Anita cried, torn between greed and her conscience.

"Temporaries always expect to pay more," Mr. Bates told her soothingly. "I can only take the room for a month." He grinned again. "Money is the best reference. With your permission I'll pay in advance."

THERE was nothing more to be done but give in gracefully and pocket the money. Somewhat mollified by such an access of wealth she offered to show him the roof garden. Mr. Bates professed himself delighted and she led the way. He admired everything. The window boxes made and painted by Peter, the box hedge and the bay trees, and the trellis fence that gave protection from the weather and neighbours' prying eyes. (*Continued on page* 56)

Drugs To Soothe And Heal

By
Dr. BADEN BEATTY

THE attractive, well-dressed patient in her middle thirties is perched indecisively on the edge of her chair facing the doctor's desk. She fidgets with her handbag as she talks :

"I don't know what's come over me. I seem to be a mass of nerves. I used not to worry about things, but lately *everything* seems too much—the children, the house. I blow up about nothing and then regret it. I wondered if you could help?"

"Yes, I can," says the doctor, "but we'll need to find out why you have the worries, and in the meantime I can give you something to help you feel calmer and to make you sleep and perhaps you'll see things in a better light."

"Need I take sleeping tablets? I'm so afraid of getting to rely on drugs."

"Yes, of course, but these will only be for a short while until we can get to the bottom of your trouble—a sort of first-aid measure. I'll need to see you fairly regularly and have some long talks with you before we can tell just what is at the root of your troubles. In the meantime it will help you to have a good night's rest."

Reassured, the patient gathers up her things and departs.

The drug which the doctor orders is one of the modern barbiturates which have a soothing and sedative effect on the nervous system. Given under skilled medical supervision—and by a wise ruling of the Home Office they may be dispensed only on a doctor's prescription—these drugs are not dangerous or habit-forming.

SEVERAL of these drugs are familiar to the public, especially phenobarbitone, which periodically hits the headlines or features in a B.B.C. police message as having been lost or stolen from a doctor's car. Although the barbiturates date back to 1903, new compounds are continually being produced by pharmaceutical firms, and the modern range of these drugs is very wide. Some have a quick action and are useful for combating insomnia, others act more slowly but their effect lasts longer, making them more suitable for patients who can get to sleep but waken up in the small hours and then lie awake, like Dorothy Parker, "helling around with La Rochefoucauld," until, haggard and weary-eyed, they face another dreary day.

Some of the longer-acting barbiturates are apt to make the patient "dopey" and hang-overish the next morning, so quite often another tablet of the amphetamine class of drugs is prescribed, to be taken first thing in the morning.

ONE enterprising American firm has recently produced a compound pill, the barbiturate on the outside producing sleep during the night, while the amphetamine at the core, released only after the gastric juices have dissolved away the sedative layer, wakes the patient up in the morning! For getting up in time for the office, however, the old-fashioned alarm-clock is still the most reliable method.

Another role in which the barbiturates have received a good deal of publicity is in stories of the so-called "truth drug," by the use of which political prisoners or suspects charged with a crime may, it has been claimed, be made to divulge their secret thoughts. Although such drugs have been used, with the consent of the subject and with the approval of the court, in many American trials, the evidence obtained by their means has never been accepted by a British court until just recently, when, in Belfast, a young R.A.F. clerk was charged with murder and was found "guilty but insane." At this trial, during the course of which a psychiatrist appeared for the defence, evidence was permitted as to statements made by the prisoner while under the influence of "pentothal." The general consensus of opinion among psychiatrists who have had long experience of this use of the drugs is that most people, when rendered drowsy and relaxed by an adequate intravenous injection of "pentothal" or "sodium amytal," will speak more freely of what is in their mind but will not divulge anything which they strongly (*Continued on page* 54)

Book Reviews

by

Trevor Allen

Monica Dickens, in an acute and highly entertaining way, describes the life of an American naval officer's wife in her novel No More Meadows

L. A. G. Strong, whose latest novel, The Hill Of Howth, has a unique story

Showell Styles gives us historical romance at its most engaging by novelizing many fascinating episodes in Nelson's life in *Mr. Nelson's Ladies*

Selwyn's *Operation Ballerina* is a tense action thriller where the wholehearted co-operation of the fates is necessary for the success of the "Operation"

FLOCKS of visitors have been seeing London for the first time this Coronation summer. If they're anything like U.S. humorist H. Allen Smith, they'll need a rest cure with massage and icepacks to get over it. **"Smith's London Journal"** (Barker, 16s.)—with no apologies to Boswell's—shows that he went everywhere, saw everything and everybody: journalists, authors, social celebrities, even fellow-funsters like Nat Gubbins, a hobnobbing most humorists avoid, never quite knowing who laughs at whom, and when, and usually becoming very down-at-mouth under the strain. He encountered coffee that "tasted like boiled rope" (anyway, it was boiled), angelic hotel pages who really should have been in a choir loft—not at all like bellhops, and a serious problem to some Americans for "it is inconceivable that one would ask them to dig up a dame." He even did the Cotswolds with novelist Robert Henriques, a rare honour. He gets occasional lockjaw from having to be wilfully funny, has absurd ideas of English pronunciation and a toilet-tissue fixation; but here's the London lowdown uniquely presented with a kind of Mark Twain-plus which made me chuckle.

"YOUR policemen are wonderful!" Of course. More than ever this year. And the long history and tradition behind the Force, from the days when cavemen chose someone in each family to keep the rest in order, are George Howard's beat in **"Guardians Of The Peace"** (Odhams, 15s.). Clearly, pointedly, he tells of Tudor constables, Bow Street runners, the departmental functions of Scotland Yard, how the uniformed police cold-shouldered the first C.I.D., thinking they were too much the *agent provocateur*, and the Force today. Crooks should read this succinct book—and take to rabbit-breeding or something to give the blue boys pavement room.

IN 1945 sixteen Estonian refugees, including five women, four children, set out from a Swedish port to cross the Atlantic crowded in a thirty-seven foot boat, rather than return to their Sovietized country. They experienced hunger, storms, dangers, and had all but given up, one hundred miles off Norfolk, Virginia, when a U.S. ship came to the rescue with supplies. Voldemar Veedam and Carl B. Wall make a minor epic of their 128-day voyage in **"Sailing To Freedom"** (Phoenix, 12s.6d.). (*Continued on page* 56)

IN SERIOUS MOOD

THE Rt. Hon. L. S. Amery is no anecdotal politician. "The starting point of all my political thinking, from schooldays onwards, had been the British Empire or Commonwealth conceived as a unit and as the final object of patriotic emotion and action," he writes in **"My Political Life"** (Hutchinson, 25s.). This strikes the keynote of Vol. I, *England Before The Storm, 1896-1914*, which carries the story from boyhood, through journalism, the Boer War and Chamberlain's Tariff Reform, to the Irish Home Rule crisis. As political history it is monumental.

THOMAS MERTON of *Elected Silence*, Trappist monk at the Gethsemani Monastery, Kentucky, covers preparation for solemn vows, the remaining years of his scholasticate, advancement to sacred Orders and priesthood, and appointment as Spiritual Director of scholastics in **"The Sign Of Jonas"** (Hollis & Carter, 18s.), a diary of self-communing for the religious-minded. But doesn't he overstress humility? Can he really believe "the scandal of my own mediocrity" in view of the popularity of his books?

JOHN P. McKNIGHT'S **"The Papacy"** (McGraw-Hill, 21s.) is a critical history by a Protestant who regards the institution as human, and temporal but not infallible or eternal.

He feels it is too rigid to advance with the times despite the more enlightened outlook of the present Pope.

He is anxious to be fair, tolerant, judicial in what must doubtless remain, to Roman Catholics, an outside assessment, and as much limited and partial.

A family group whose numbers will shortly be depleted if the spaniel on the right follows that interesting smell !

"Piper," one of the "Goldicote Cavaliers," is a guest to the tea party held at Warwick Castle.

A Gathering of "King Charles"

THE "Goldicote Cavaliers" are invited to a tea-party at Warwick Castle. This is a distinguished gathering, as they are the same breed as the "King Charles" spaniels which were such favourites of the Stuart Kings and Queens, and are not to be found in any other country of the world except Holland.

Four very aristocratic "Goldicote Cavalier" King Charles spaniels.

The butler of Lord Warwick stands with Disney, the host, to receive the guests, "Goldicote Cavaliers," for a tea party . . . (left) but why do we always have to sit in a row?

Summer Evenings

FOR "don't dress" evenings, informal holiday hotel-dining and for many summer occasions, Dorville's sheer white knife-pleated crêpe **left.** Pleats are repeated on the fichu-type collar. About 20 gns., at Marshall and Snelgrove, London. Gilt bangle and hoop ear-rings from Dickins and Jones, London.

Below : White spotted navy organza to dance and dine on holiday. The wide winged collar is worn outside a matching bolero which converts the dress to afternoon use. Polly Peck at Richard Shops in London. About ten pounds.

A DOUBLE-BREASTED bodice, cuffed in front, gives an unusual interest to the strapless top of the short evening dress **above.** The fabric is navy and white embroidered anglaise. The bolero "shortie" makes a cocktail dress of it. Frank Usher, at Jays of London. About twelve guineas. On the **right** organza again. A coffee print for the dress and black jersey for the fitted bolero which is confined at the waist with a black satin cummerbund. Atrima at Finnigans of Bond Street. About eighteen guineas.

Frozen Facts

Frozen foods have introduced a new era of eating and represent more varied menus for less trouble. The quick-freeze process preserves the maximum food values and brings choice fruit, vegetables, entrees and sweets to the table in season and out.

IT is an old saying that you may walk down your garden to pick your peas, but you must run back to cook them. Once fruit or vegetables are picked, colour and flavour begin to wane. The same applies to vitamins and other vital constituents. Every hour that elapses between harvesting and consumption diminishes food values. Fresh peas, for instance, lose 75 per cent. of their sugar content within six hours of gathering.

Quick frozen foods have found the answer to this wastage by making time stand still. They have revolutionised eating—and cooking—in the United States and they have already become a commonplace at the Englishman's table, yet housewives have many questions still to ask about this new method of food processing.

"Do we treat frozen food just as we treat fresh?" is one of the much-repeated queries.

As a matter of fact, manufacturers are anxious to have it known that frozen food should be treated exactly as fresh. For this reason they deliberately refrain from issuing cooking instructions. Their theory is that such instructions might propagate the impression with cooks that they are dealing with "preserved" food.

How long will frozen food keep? This, I think, is something that has not been made sufficiently plain. Frozen foods should be used if possible on the same day as they are purchased, even if you do have a refrigerator. In the United States home refrigerators are supplied with zero compartments which make it possible to store the frozen food indefinitely. Few domestic "fridges" are yet equipped in this way here. Packaged frozen food will keep in the average "fridge" for twenty-four hours. Once melted, it must never be re-frozen.

"QUICK freeze" differs from ordinary freezing, cold-storage or preserving, but many of us remember the days not so long ago when preserved, and even tinned, foods (especially meat and fish) brought warnings of "ptomaine."

Smedley's, who were the first to start canning in this country, report that food expert Sir William Savage investigated every case of alleged food poisoning over a period of three years and found that no single case could be traced to preserved foods.

Quick-frozen foods claim now to conserve all the nutritive qualities and vitamins of so-called fresh food. They do, in fact, have a great advantage over produce from fields and markets which (*Continued on page 66*)

Like new Again

Joan Bamford gives some useful guidance on the repair of household linen, and adapting out-of-date linen to current practical use.

TIME was when the linen cupboard was piled high with "dozens" where we to-day have pairs. Even so, perfect condition of the linen was maintained as a matter of course, and was part of a housewife's pride. To-day, linen repairs are less a matter of pride as of necessity. My own linen cupboard of humble proportions seems in constant need of attention.

Whatever the reason, a thrifty housewife can save much by a periodical review of her linen, and if she is lucky enough to have relics from the days of plenty, so much the better. Dying old-fashioned white linen, for example, often makes things fit in with modern colour schemes.

A large, old-fashioned white linen bedspread was given to me, beautifully worked in broderie anglaise, but I tucked it away on the top shelf of the cupboard. It looked creased and frumpy on the bed in our modern room. This spring I took it to the dyers with a small pattern of our peach chintz curtains, and had it dyed to match. (Most dyers will dye to match for a small extra charge.) The transformation was quite thrilling. The beautiful hand work looks twice as handsome in this lovely colour, and the linen, of course, has taken the dye wonderfully well.

Encouraged by the result I took some white honeycomb bedspreads to the dyers. I had kept these bedspreads for many years, and they are still in good condition. In their new bright primrose colour they look surprisingly modern on my spare-room beds.

ANOTHER relic was a huge damask tablecloth, rolled away in blue tissue paper, to keep it from going yellow. Gone are the days of dining-room splendour with large tables and snowy cloths. In our country cottage it was a white elephant, taking up precious space on the shelf. So off it went to the dyers to be made pale apple-green, and, holding my breath, I cut a strip 24 ins. wide off both ends of the cloth, leaving the large central medallion design in the centre intact. From these ends I cut six squares for napkins, tucked 1-in. hems all round and a 2-in. hem round the cloth.

A darning attachment fitted to the sewing-machine makes lighter work of the tedious chore of mending holes and reinforcing worn patches on household linen.

These I took to Singers to be hemstitched in a darker shade of green. A beautiful luncheon-set was the result.

Incidentally, pillow-slips, tea-towels, etc., get a dim look after many home wash-days in hard water, and I find the little tablets that dye white, used occasionally, are a great help to combat this. They are not a bleach, and are easily obtainable from most hardwear shops.

A useful method of using the best of old double sheets is to turn two into one by cutting away the thin or patched centre and joining the good parts. Turn the sheet round so that the joins run *across* the bed. In this way no joins show. By turning down the selvedge edge and drawing a thread, you can make a proper hemstitch for the turn-over. Alternatively, make a false hem if you need more length, and faggot-stitch it on with white embroidery cotton. If the sheet crossways gives too much "tuck-in," cut some off and make a pillow-slip to match. I always save the good bits of linen sheets for pillow-slips.

WHEN short of double sheets I have cut down the centre of a single sheet and joined the half lengthways to the edge of another good single sheet, thereby making two double sheets out of three single ones.

The old sides-to-middle dodge when sheets are wearing thin has been extended in our house to blankets also, and here again the dyers have been a boon. A blanket, yellow with constant washing through the years, can be dyed pastel colours most successfully, and there are now on the market special lengths of ribbon for re-binding blankets in lovely shades.

When the hemstitching on sheets has pulled away, it is a good idea to replace it with a coloured border, like a false hem. This can be machined on and feather-stitched or faggoted on. The same idea is very pretty carried out on pillow-cases, and there are a number of suitable strong cotton or suitable linen fabrics in the shops for this repair at reasonable prices.

(*Continued on page* 66)

SUN TECHNIQUE

The sun which shines on the happy holiday-maker, and the sun which afflicts the poor toilers in stuffy city offices are two entirely different propositions, and must be approached from two different standpoints. While the holiday-maker can abandon herself to the hot sunshine, the office worker's chief concern is to remain cool and to avoid the enervating effects of the heat. Here are the whys and wherefores of the two sun techniques.

THE SUN ON HOLIDAY.

THE worst sun problem for the holiday-maker is usually where to find it. But having located the sunshine, by the Mediterranean or on the coast, a holiday presents the best prospect for benefiting by it. Your body will be at rest, your health at par and your morale at its highest, all factors which make for a rich tan and, incidentally, the fullest appreciation of the sun's health-giving properties.

You will strip to a minimum coverage, which implies body grooming from top to toe. The two main problems for a debut in the sun concern the silhouette and the texture of the skin.

First shape, because that is all-important. Shoulders, arms and necks are in particular evidence in swimsuits and beach wear. Faulty posture is greatly responsible for a thick ugly look at the back of the neck and hollows round the collar-bone. Elizabeth Arden has a special Pulso-tone treatment which sets out to correct these faults. The treatment, incidentally, also does wonders for the complexion, as it is an excellent circulation reviver.

Thickness of thighs and upper arms can be fined with an electric massager and waists slimmed with exercise. Generalised overweight, unfortunately, means a regime of diet and exercise, but results will be worth while.

The skin must be groomed for public appearance, as carefully as any complexion. Spots on upper arms and back can be treated as for facial spots; dry and scaly patches on elbows, knees and ankles can be smoothed with vitamin cream; legs defluffed with a special depilatory stone, which leaves the skin smooth and doesn't encourage a coarse re-growth.

Feet, of course, need more than extra attention. Nothing is more ruinous to beach glamour than shoe-tortured feet exposed in next-to-nothing sandals. Even the most perfect foot will be improved by a foot massage to relax tautened muscles, and followed by a pedicure, adds the final æsthetic touch of colour in nail lacquer.

SO, completely body-groomed, you will be able to face the sun. Your one essential ally will be a sun tan preparation. Choose from all the variety of preparations the one that best suits your own requirements.

There is a new sunfilter cream which will suit the normal skin, and costs only 2s. 6d. It does not leave the skin sticky or oily and can be used as a foundation base.

Another sun tan preparation is recommended specially for the mature skins, which should be cosseted in the sun, if they are not to become dry and lined in the tanning process. This preparation is more expensive, as it incorporates special suppling and rejuvenating properties.

There are certain sensitive, delicate skins which become sore and red from the sun and never turn brown at all. These types of skin are best protected with a protective cream lotion which prevents the skin from being tanned and freckled. If your skin tans easily, nothing is more attractive than the shiny, burnished look, for which you should use Ardena Sun Gelee.

You know, of course, that you must break yourself into the sun by easy stages. But you may not know that it is unwise for anyone who is a bit below par to plunge into prolonged sun-bathing. For them the sun can be harmful in strong doses, although it is invaluable in moderation.

Choose a sun tan preparation which best suits your individual needs.

Ration the sun for sensitive skins which burn and become sore easily

Beauty By Chrysis

If you have any beauty problems on which you would like advice, write, enclosing a stamped and addressed envelope to Chrysis, "Britannia and Eve," Ingram House, 195 Strand, London, W.C.2.

THE SUN IN TOWN.

THERE are some folk who succumb in a heat-wave. It is something to do with the metabolic adjustment to variations of temperature which some systems can make more readily than others. If you are one of those who become listless and enervated, morally and physically, at the lowest ebb when the thermometer hovers round the 80's, you must accept the inevitable and adopt a special heatwave technique.

For the time being, try to gear yourself down, mentally and physically, to a cool, leisurely tempo. There is a lot in the psychological approach to heat. All the degrees you save by going about the daily round in a deliberate and methodical way will be lost if you start fussing.

But when the temperature still comes creeping up on you, there are one or two directives for keeping cool. Instinct guides the appetite. Salads and fruits, fruit juices and water ices are tempting, not only because they taste cool, but, because of their low fat content, they are low heat-generating foods. It is good, too, to add a pinch of salt to the drinking water. Heat exhaustion is sometimes due to loss of salt through perspiration, and salt water to drink, instead of plain water, makes good the loss.

It is only sensible to rest rather more during the hot weather. Resting in a body slant position, that is, with the feet at a higher level than the head, has its all-the-year-round adherents in America and on the Continent, but is particularly restful for the heat-wearied.

Gayelord Hauser, among other experts, has advocated the body slant as one of the principal postures for complete relaxation, and it is easy to understand why. When the feet are slightly higher than the head, the pull of gravity on the bloodstream is reversed. The blood flows gently back to refresh the heart and invigorate the brain. Tensed muscles relax, strained blood vessels are eased and body fatigue reduced. A Relaxaboard provides the maximum comfort for this passive hot-weather exercise.

ONE has to be sensible, too, in the matter of clothes. It is safe to say that loosely-fitted clothes are cooler than tightly-fitting ones. Coolness depends as much on ventilation as on the weight of material. A hot-weather girdle should be an open weave, netlike elastic affair, in order that the body can "breathe." A hot-weather dress is not tightly fastened at the neck or clamped in at the waist. No matter how fine and diaphanous the material may be, if it fits tightly it will not be cool to wear, however cool it may appear.

Hot-weather feet can be most distressing. Take the utmost care in the choice of shoes for wear on a hot day. The most open, narrowest strapped sandals, far from being cool, can turn into torments where the straps press into a hot, tender foot. The ideal shoe is light in weight, well ventilated, providing the right support for tired feet. Include the feet in the after-bath body rub with toilet water or cologne to cool and revive them after a long day.

The classic hot-weather problems of personal daintiness have been given new solutions this year. The solid deodorant sticks solve practical problems of application. Another fragrantly scented lotion deodorant turns necessity into a charming feminine ritual. These, combined with the deodorant talcs, ensure all-over freshness and fragrance.

Resting in the body slant position helps to overcome heat fatigue.

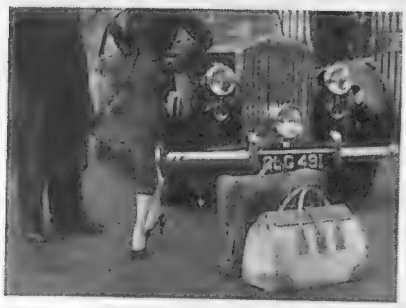
Hot, tired feet can be revived by friction with cologne or toilet water.

Margaret Sharp

Shopping For The Home

1. An attractive summer fire-screen in white metal trellis with brackets for pot plants, by S. W. Display. There are two other designs available. Price, £3 16s.

2. These engagingly elegant china poodles from Liberty's will be treasured as heirlooms of the future. These are in delicate grey and white, one seated on a pale lilac cushion, but they can also be had in black. Prices vary from £8 8s. 9d. to £8 15s. 6d. 3. What could be more fitting for cocktails on the terrace than this wicker table from Army and Navy Stores? It is virtually a cocktail cabinet in itself, holding two bottles and six glasses. The wicker table top comes off and serves as a tray. £5 11s. 6d. 4. Frankly a luxury, a Thermos ice-bucket in chromium and red. From the Army and Navy Stores, 6 gns. With it, an amusing dish, designed by Pamela Nash, to serve cocktail snacks. 16s. at Liberty's. 5. Heat-proof ware to delight the heart and the eye of the æsthetic cook. In pale grey, decorated with a yellow leaf design, and lined with a subtle shade of pink. The pipkin is 10s. 3d.; oval dish, 7s. 9d.; covered vegetable dish, 21s. 3d.; matching soup bowl 4s. 3d.; dessert plates, 4s. 9d.; and dinner plates, 6s.



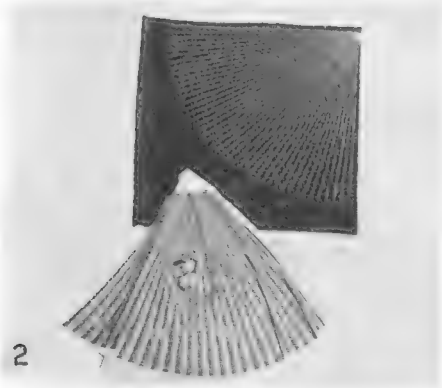
The Greatrex "Two-suiter" case takes two men's suits folded on hangers, as well as crushables like woollies. In hide £12 9s., in tartan 6 gns. The "Travelling Companion," weekend size bag, in canvas and hide, £10 16s.

Margaret Sharp

Shopping For The Holiday

If you would like further details of the items mentioned on these two pages, write, enclosing a stamped addressed envelope, to Margaret Sharp, *Britannia & Eve*, Ingram House, 195 Strand, W.C.2.

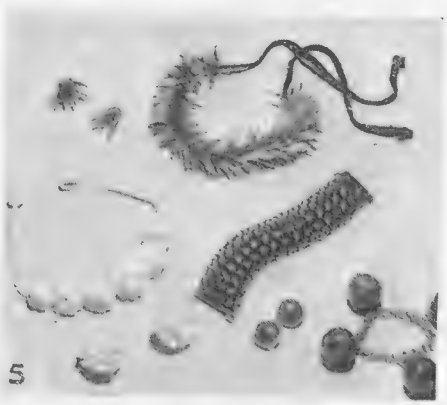
1 Gay, and practical for the beach. A reversible jacket in terry towelling and dragon print cotton, for after the swim. From D. H. Evans, 62s. 11d., with swimsuit to match, 28s. 11d. Straw mules from John Lewis, 14s. 11d., and shaggy red raffia beach hat, 19s. 11d. from Liberty's. A wicker beach basket, lined with plastic to take care of damp bathing togs, 19s. 6d., from Susan Handbags



2 Printed skirt panels from Marshall & Snelgrove, London, are a revolutionary idea for the not so handy home dressmaker. Two make a skirt. Cut round the design, seam the sides, attach to a waistband and there is a couture skirt for just an hour's work. The smart ray stripe, in many colours, costs 12s. 6d., the Coronation Rose design in pink, red, gold and blue, 15s. 6d.

3 Three unusual handbags for different occasions. The red and white striped waterproof bag from D. H. Evans, Oxford Street, can be carried folded, as a pochette handbag, or open as a beach bag, 23s. 3d. The other two, from Susan Handbags, are in a more whimsical mood. A silvered birdcage for beach or evenings, also available in black or white, 59s. 6d., the wicker cornucopia, 25s.

4 Two notions from John Lewis of Oxford Street, for adding chic to summer casuals for very little outlay. A gingham belt, 6s. 11d., and matching cravat, 3s. 11d., available in many colours; and a sweater scarf with matching hankie at 2s. 11d. the set in Zodiac designs on red, blue or green grounds



5 What jewellery to wear on the beach? White raffia Crinoline necklace, approximately 10s. 11d., with matching ear-rings, approximately 9s. 6d., from John Lewis. Pink spiked pearl collar, 4 gns., with ear-rings, 32s. 6d.; red bone gilt-rimmed ear-rings, 18s. 6d., and red bobble bracelet, £2 19s. 6d. —both available in other colours, all from Susan Handbags

Checks Plain and Fancy

The materials required for this blouse are 5 oz. of La Laine 2-ply Super Fingering in white and 1 oz. in black; 1 pair of No. 12 and No. 13 knitting needles; 13 small buttons; ¾ yd. white ribbon. Worked at a tension of 9 stitches and 12 rows to 1 inch in pattern on No. 12 needles, the blouse measures 34-in. bust, 21 ins. in length.

START at the lower front by casting on 126 stitches on No. 13 needles in white wool. Work in a rib of k. 1, p. 1 for 4½ ins.

Change to No. 12 needles and patt. and work as follows :

Next row.—K. 5 (p. 1, k. 9) 5 times, p. 1, k. 7, turn, leaving 63 sts. on spare needle.

Next row.—Cast on 5, p. these sts., then p. 7 (k. 1, p. 9) 5 times, k. 1, p. 5.

Work a further 9 rows in this patt. then, wrong side of work facing, k. 1 row.

These 12 rows complete the patt. and are repeated throughout.

Inc. at beg. of next and every following 4th row 18 times (86 sts.).

Continue to end of 7th patt.

Cast off 6 sts. at beg. of next right side row, then take 2 tog. at beg. of next 10 right side rows (70 sts.).

Continue to end of 13th patt.

Cast off 12 sts. at beg. of next wrong side row, then take 2 tog. at neck edge on next 13 rows.

Work 10 rows.

Cast off 9 sts. at beg. of next 5 right side rows.

Now cast on 14 sts. and work them as follows :

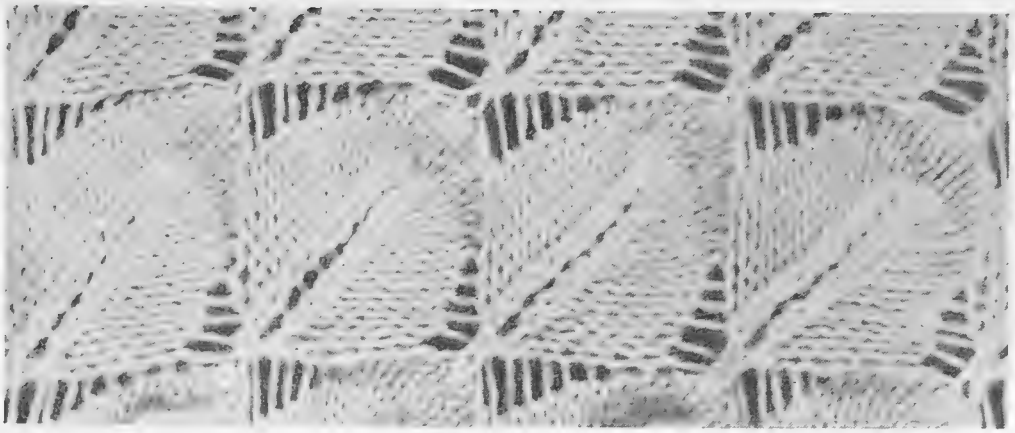
K. 11, p. 1, k. 2, then work off the 63 sts. from spare needle with k. 7 (p. 1, k. 9) 5 times, p. 1, k. 5.

Work ½ in. in patt.

Next row.—Patt. 5, k. 2 tog., m. 1, patt. 6, k. 2 tog., m. 1, patt. 62.

Work a buttonhole in this way on every 12th row (13 buttonholes in all).

(*Continued on page* 62)



Detail of stitch in which the carrying cape is worked

Carrying Cape

This carrying cape takes 6 oz. Bairns-Wear 3-ply Lambs Wool, and is worked on No. 9 knitting needles. The cape measures 25 inches from top of hood to hem.

BEGIN at lower edge by casting on 371 sts. and work in garter st. for 12 rows. Change to patt. with 10 sts. in garter st. at each end thus :

1st row (right side of work).—K. 10, * m. 1, (by bringing wool to front of work and over needle to back) k. 7, k. 2 tog., sl. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o., k. 7, m. 1, k. 1 ; rep. from * to last 19, m. 1, k. 7, k. 2 tog., k. 10.

2nd row.—K. 10, p. 2 tog., p. 6, m. 1, (by taking wool over needle to back of work and under needle to front), p. 1, * p. 2, m. 1, p. 6, p. 2 tog. B, p. 2 tog., p. 6, m. 1, p. 1 ; rep. from * to last 10, k. 10.

3rd row.—K. 10, * k. 2, m. 1, k. 5, k. 2 tog., sl. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o., k. 5, m. 1, k. 3 ; rep. from * to last 19, k. 2, m. 1, k. 5, k. 2 tog., k. 10.

4th row.—K. 10, p. 2 tog., p. 4, m. 1, p. 3, * p. 4, m. 1, p. 4, p. 2 tog. B, p. 2 tog., p. 4, m. 1, p. 3 ; rep. from * to last 10, k. 10

5th row.—K. 10, * k. 4, m. 1, k. 3, k. 2 tog., sl. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o., k. 3, m. 1, k. 5 ; rep. from * to last 19, k. 4, m. 1, k. 3, k. 2 tog., k. 10.

6th row.—K. 10, p. 2 tog., p. 2, m. 1, p. 5, * p. 6, m. 1, p. 2, p. 2 tog. B, p. 2 tog., p. 2, m. 1, p. 5 ; rep. from * to last 10, k. 10.

7th row.—K. 10, * k. 6, m. 1, k. 1, k. 2 tog., sl. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o., k. 1, m. 1, k. 7 ; rep. from * to last 19, k. 6, m. 1, k. 1, k. 2 tog., k. 10.

8th row.—K. 10, p. 2 tog., m. 1, p. 7, * p. 8, m. 1, p. 2 tog. B, p. 2 tog., m. 1, p. 7 ; rep. from * to last 10, k. 10.

9th row.—K. 10, * k. 8, m. 1, sl. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o., m. 1, k. 7, sl. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o. ; rep. from * to last 19, k. 8, m. 1, k. 11.

10th row.—K. 10, p. 1, m. 1, p. 7, p. 2 tog. B, * p. 2 tog., p. 7, m. 1, p. 1, m. 1, p. 7, p. 2 tog. B ; rep. from * to last 10, k. 10.

11th row.—K. 10, * sl. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o., k. 7, m. 1, k. 1, m. 1, k. 7, k. 2 tog. ; rep. from * to last 20, sl. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o., k. 7, m. 1, k. 11.

12th row.—K. 10, p. 2, m. 1, p. 6, p. 2 tog. B, * p. 2 tog., p. 6, m. 1, p. 3, m. 1, p. 6, p. 2 tog. B ; rep. from * to last 10, k. 10.

13th row.—K. 10, * sl. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o., (k. 5, m. 1) twice, k. 5, k. 2 tog. ; rep. from * to last 20, sl. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o., k. 5, m. 1, k. 13.

14th row.— K. 10, p. 4, m. 1, p. 4, p. 2 tog. B, * p. 2 tog., p. 4, m. 1, p. 7, m. 1, p. 4, p. 2 tog. B ; rep. from * to last 10, k. 10.

15th row.—K. 10, * sl. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o., k. 3, m. 1, k. 9, m. 1, k. 3, k. 2 tog. ; rep. from * to last 20, sl. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o., k. 3, m. 1, k. 15.

16th row.—K. 10, p. 6, m. 1, p. 2, p. 2 tog. B, * p. 2 tog., p. 2, m. 1, p. 11, m. 1, p. 2, p. 2 tog. B ; rep. from * to last 10, k. 10.

17th row.—K. 10, * sl. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o., k. 1, m. 1, k. 13, m. 1, k. 1, k. 2 tog. ; rep. from * to last 20, sl. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o., k. 1, m. 1, k. 17.

18th row.—K. 10, p. 8, m. 1, p. 2 tog. B, * p. 2 tog., m. 1, p. 15, m. 1, p. 2 tog. B ; rep. from * to last 10, k. 10.

19th row.—K. 11, m. 1, k. 7, sl. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o., k. 8, * m. 1, sl. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o., m. 1, k. 7, sl. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o., k. 8 ; rep. from * to last 21, m. 1, sl. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o., m. 1, k. 7, sl. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o., k. 10.

20th row.—K. 10, p. 2 tog., p. 7, * m. 1, p. 1, m. 1, p. 7, p. 2 tog. B, p. 2 tog., p. 7 ; rep. from * to last 11, p. 1, k. 10.

Continue in patt. until work measures approximately 15 ins., finishing at the end of a patt.

Next row (right side of work).—K. 10, p. 4 tog., k. 3 tog. (p. 2 tog., k. 2 tog.) 84 times, p. 3 tog., k. 4 tog., p. 1, k. 10 (193 sts.). Change to k. 1, p. 1, ribbing with 10 sts. at each end in garter st. thus :

1st row.—K. 10, (k. 1, p. 1) 86 times, k. 11.

2nd row.—K. 10, (p. 1, k. 1) 86 times, p. 1, k. 10.

Rep. the last 2 rows until work (*Continued on page* 61)

Crowning Glory

Meticulous care, begun at an early age, helps to ensure beauteous hair in later years

CARE of a child's hair should begin from the day of first washing the fine, downy head. The baby who screws its eyes in protest and shows its dislike vocally when its hair is washed, will later be grateful for the foundations of care laid during the early years. For the result will be reflected in the lustry completely healthy hair.

Beautiful hair derives primarily from perfect health, partly from hereditary factors, but owes a great deal to constant, unremitting cleanliness and gentle treatment during the early years of life. The child whose hair is well tended stands out among others; and moreover the mother's care forms good habits for adult years.

The average growth of a child's hair is half an inch a month—faster in warmer weather than in cold, so that a hair of six inches in length is about a year old. Cutting the hair does not make it grow faster, though many people still believe in this fallacy. But keeping hair short can help it to thicken, especially if it is that fine, silky hair which needs encouragement.

Hair that is dragged back into tight plaits does not have quite the same chance. Good cutting should suit the shape of the head and features, and should also make the hair more manageable and neater. In boys, it is particularly important that it should be encouraged to lie close to the head with no unruly coxscomb at the crown. This seems elementary and yet one sees many children with spiky, cropped hair.

Until a shapely tapered effect is achieved no mother should be satisfied with her children's hairdresser. Regular shaping according to the way the hair grows should make it easier to manage and encourage any tendency to curl.

IS there a hairdresser who can make straight hair curl? Emphatically: No. Many still go on hoping for the magic scissors. They would be wiser to rejoice in the beauty of straight shiny locks which can suit certain features so well a face that might have all its character spoiled by a cloud of bubbly curls. However, at the age of three or four great changes can, and often do, take place. Curly hair may become quite straight, or sometimes vice versa. The hair-line framing the face often changes, too. Later, the colour of the hair darkens considerably, and in the teens any tendency to greasiness may become more marked.

It is wise to make regular visits to the hairdresser for cutting. It is hardly fair to the hairdresser when a child is taken very occasionally, and he is faced with an unmanageable bush. Regular visits save that panic just before a party, too, when clipping with nail scissors has even been known. That irresistible feeling that you must just snip off one end, leads to further snipping with disappointing results. A choppy cut cannot ruin the hair for long, and neither can that awful disaster achieved by the mischievous child who is kept in bed who lops off the front lock. Steiner, the Mayfair hair stylist, who has three children, recommends short hair at school age. So often the parents grow so proud of a girl's long hair that it is allowed to grow longer and longer until it absorbs life and energy that an active schoolchild can ill afford. When cutting off heavy plaits, Steiner has seen children who could not keep their heads still for some time afterwards, so overwhelming was the sudden feeling of freedom that had been pent-up before.

CLEANLINESS should consist not only in the obvious cleanliness of regular weekly shampooing (or even bi-weekly if you live in a sooty large town), but meticulous care taken in the process. The old-fashioned mild soft green soap is still one of the best shampoos for a child's hair. Otherwise choose liquid soap or one of the newer cream shampoos but it must be *mild* so as not to harm a delicate scalp and fine hairs. Strong detergent action of too many shampoos can make the hair "too clean," taking too much oil from the hair and scalp and resulting eventually in a lifeless appearance.

Rinse, rinse and rinse again until the hair squeaks as it runs through your fingers. This is a sign that the shampoo is really rinsed out and the hair is clean. A very weak lemon or vinegar rinse is useful, for its acid counteracts any scum in the water. It has no special virtue of "brightening," but by its action brings out the natural highlights as they really are.

Children who have once experienced the pain of soap in their eyes sometimes dislike hair-washing. These may enjoy a spray fixed to the taps, or wearing goggles that are on the market now for children's use to prevent soap in the eyes. It is worth buying a hand hair-dryer for children who particularly dread prolonged rubbing with a towel.

Cleanliness does not end with the hair, but should extend to brushes and combs, hair-ribbons and hat-linings. Encourage children to use only their own brushes and combs and to be fastidious about borrowing. This habit is all too common at school and is one of the big factors in the spread of dandruff infection from one to another. If, in spite of rigorous care, dandruff (*Continued on page* 60)

By Barbara Sim

THE CUSTOM HOUSE
1772

A Roter Model | *Hat by Renée Pavy*

Rayon — for fine fabrics, good clothes . . .
this all-day dress is in a fancy rayon dupion —
made of course, with Courtaulds' rayon.

Courtaulds Limited, 16 St. Martin's-le-Grand, London, E.C.1.

By JANET DARBY

I HAVE a theory, which hitherto I have kept superstitiously to myself, just in case. . . . However, having now thrown some salt with my right hand over my left shoulder, removed all the boots and shoes from the table, shut my umbrella, and put down a saucer of milk, ostensibly for the cat, I shall proceed to impart it. It is that the Little Folk, or pixies, about whom so many stories exist in rural areas are frequently engendered by copious draughts of country wine. Still playing safe, let me add that there *may* be other reasons for Seeing Things, but I'm pretty sure that simple home-made wines are not *really* a teetotal tipple. To put it mildly. I myself have sampled twenty-year-old parsnip wine—but that's another story. After all, this is an article on cookery!

To return to our subject. Later in the year we can make some heady stuff from elderberries, blackberries, and the various plums, not to mention apples: but just now is the right time to make *Elderflower Wine*, which has the merits of being quick to make, light on sugar, and ready to drink in about a month. It is a sparkling wine, rather like a moselle.

Pick a dozen large heads of elderflower without thick stalks, and steep in one gallon of cold water. Add three-quarters of a pound of granulated sugar, two tablespoons of distilled white vinegar, and two tablespoons of lemon squash (or, if you like a drier wine, use unsweetened lime juice or pineapple juice). Leave in a covered crock for forty-eight hours, stirring occasionally. Be sure to use a wooden spoon. Then strain and bottle; tie the corks on *very* firmly.

YOU can also make *Raspberry Vinegar* now, but this is not for immediate consumption. In fact, if you can keep it for a couple of years you will have an excellent and potent liqueur-like beverage. Take three pounds of raspberries and steep in two pints of white vinegar for ten days, stirring daily. Use an earthenware crock, if you have one. Then strain and measure the liquid, allowing one pound sugar to every pint. Boil the liquid and the sugar together for ten minutes, then strain again, and allow to get quite cold before bottling. Keep in a very cool, dark place. I use half-pint bottles for this, for obvious reasons.

And lastly, while still on the subject of drinks, here is a useful and thoroughly innocent syrup to use for long drinks, with or without ice. It does take rather a lot of sugar, but it goes a long way. Allow 1½ lb. of granulated sugar to two large lemons, two ounces citric acid and two pints boiling water. Put the sugar into a large jug, and pour the boiling water over it. Peel the rind as thinly as possible from the lemons, and add it to the sugar and water. Now scrape the pith from the lemons—you don't use this—and slice the lemons very thinly, throwing away any pips. Add the sliced lemons to the liquid. Dissolve the citric acid in a very little water and add this also. Cover the jug, and stand it in a cool place for three days, stirring and pressing the lemons every day with a wooden spoon. Then pour through muslin, squeezing out as much liquid as possible, bottle, and cork tightly. This is a good keeping syrup, but if you have children you'll find you won't be able to keep it long. Use two tablespoons to a tumbler of water for a cooling and delightful drink. Try it also with a leaf of mint in it. Or a spot of gin, if your tastes run to it.

NOW for one or two hot-weather puddings. Do you know *Summer Pudding*? It's simple to make and delicious to eat. You will need a pound of any soft fruit, such as raspberries, loganberries or currants, four ounces sugar, and some stale bread. Stew the fruit lightly with the sugar and a very little water. Cut the bread thinly and line a pudding basin with it, making sure that the bottom slice fits the base of the basin, so to speak. Now alternate thick layers of fruit and thin slices of bread until the basin is quite full. The top layer should be bread. Cover with a plate, and put a weight on it, so that the mixture is pressed down well. Leave overnight if possible, but for several hours at least. Then turn out and serve with custard or cream.

Grapefruit Jelly is another cooling and delightful sweet. Take a lemon, lime, or grapefruit flavoured packet jelly, dissolve in half the quantity of hot water specified, then add a similar quantity of cold grapefruit juice. Stir well to blend the ingredients, and allow to set in the usual way.

And do you know that if you use ginger ale with a packet jelly, dissolving it as above in half the quantity of hot water before adding the ginger ale, you get a jelly with a pleasant tang to it; not enough to change the flavour, but just enough to make it different. Do try this, and serve it with cream.

JUNKET Ice-Cream is a special for the ice-cream addict. You will need the following ingredients:

- ½ pint milk
- 1 gill cream
- 4 oz. castor sugar
- ½ teaspoon essence of rennet
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- A very little almond essence
- Fruit in season

Stir the milk into the cream and make it lukewarm, or you can omit the cream and use an appropriate quantity of Jersey milk. Then dissolve the sugar in the lukewarm milk, adding a pinch of salt, and pour (*Continued on page* 52)

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Fruits In Season (*Continued from page 50*)

it on to the rennet. Pour into the freezing dish and allow to stand in a warm place till set. Moving it carefully, place it in the refrigerator to freeze. Serve it with cold stewed raspberries, loganberries or currants. And cream, if you feel like it, and your figure will allow you to indulge.

Strawberries being smaller and cheaper now, this is a good time to make this favourite of all preserves. The difficulty with *Strawberry Jam* is always its setting properties, but these late strawberries usually set better than the earlier ones, provided they are not too ripe and mushy. I have always found the following recipe produces a nicely-set jam of delightful fresh flavour. Use one pound of sugar to each pound of strawberries. Wipe the fruit and put it into the pan dry. Bring it to the boil very gradually. Remove the pan from the heat; add the sugar and stir with a wooden spoon until it has dissolved. Put the pan back on the stove, bring to the boil rapidly and boil fast for about ten minutes. In any case, do not boil longer than fifteen minutes. Put into jars, and allow to cool before covering. Incidentally, you will often find that the set of any jam is spoiled by covering it while still warm. If you have no parchment or Cellophane covers, dip rounds of tissue paper in milk, and use these. They will dry as stiff and firm as parchment.

A more economical strawberry preserve is made by adding red currant or gooseberry juice. Allow half a pint of the juice to each two pounds of the berries. Use two pounds of sugar to two pounds of strawberries making no allowance for the added fruit juice. Put the fruit and sugar in layers in an earthenware bowl. Cover with a teacloth and leave in a cool place for twenty-four hours. Then put the fruit mixture and the juice into the preserving pan, bring to the boil gradually, making sure that the sugar dissolves before the mixture boils. Boil rapidly for half an hour. This jam certainly sets, and you won't notice the added fruit flavour.

Now, I wonder if I can find any of that elderberry wine I made last year! My thoughts do seem to be running in a certain direction, I know. But it's thirsty weather, isn't it!

END

The Perfectionist (*Continued from page 15*)

CROONING COMPETITION. ENTER NOW."

"I don't know why I come here," Sherwood said, his shoulder against the door, "but I have for years."

It was warm and rather dark and somehow friendly—or maybe it was Sherwood's presence that made it warm and friendly.

"Brenda is an artist," Sherwood said.

There were a few tables with check cloths and a small dance floor and a bar, horseshoe shaped, with the usual array of bottles and high bar stools. The proprietor was a Frenchman, pot-bellied, bald. His daughter wore large gold ear-rings and had black hair hanging to her shoulders. She was serving behind the bar. On the wall were photographs of boxers, actresses, tennis players; a woman who had cycled from Cornwall to Scotland and another who had swum the Channel and all the photographs were signed with loving messages to the proprietor and his family.

In the corner, at an upright piano, a young man who looked as if he didn't believe in sleep or food tinkled idly.

Sherwood pushed his way to the far corner of the bar where a fair woman—she seemed ageless—sat on a stool eating olives and filling an ashtray with the stones.

BRENDA BOLES held out her hand to me but she did not speak. I learned afterwards that she disliked greetings and farewells. She did not even smile but moved her stool so that we could get nearer to the bar.

She wore a big, loose coat of some greenish tweed and she was tall but slightly built and her head was small and finely moulded and I had a strange notion her skull would be very fragile—that a man could crush it like an eggshell between his hands.

She had pale hair of an indeterminate colour and a high, white forehead and a small, thin face with beautiful bones. But what I remembered of her was her stillness, her peculiar apathy and the cold sweetness of her voice.

She sat there on her stool with her long legs crossed and her arms along the bar and her head tilted back until it rested against the faded wall with the cracked signed pictures of celebrities. And her eyes were grey and flat and smooth like pebbles and every movement she made was slow and somehow guarded.

I noticed her hands were slightly dirty and there was a smudge of ink on her middle finger. She spoke very little and very quietly and she sipped her drink and smoked and ate olives and pushed the dish towards me. When she smiled her teeth were small and even and foam-white as if they had come up out of the sea.

And Sherwood talked all the time and as he talked he moved and his shoulders shook with mirth and I laughed at all his stories and Brenda Boles smiled but she never laughed. I felt she knew all about him, all there was to know; how much of what he said was true and how much he added to lend colour to the story. She knew him through and through and she would know about all the other women, too, and she would accept him as unalterable as she accepted the reflection of her face.

When we parted Brenda Boles looked at me, long and hard. She smiled and I saw those teeth and her high white forehead. When she shook hands with me her hand was dry and cold. She seemed, to me, unreal, finely chiselled, delicate and as cold as steel.

THAT was a week before I read of Sherwood's death. On the very morning when his name was splashed across the headlines and Midge and I had parted coldly for our separate offices I looked up Brenda Boles in the telephone directory. I was not surprised to find she lived in the same block of flats as the late Neville Sherwood.

That afternoon I rang her from my office. She did not sound surprised or pleased or anything specific. On the telephone her voice was like ice in glass. I had two tickets for a concert, I told her. Would she like to come? It would do her good, I told her, making my voice sound sympathetic. I did not mention Sherwood.

"Very well," said Brenda Boles.

I felt sure that if anybody could tell me why Sherwood had killed himself she could. The tickets were press and stamped "Complimentary." I met her outside the Albert Hall.

I expected to find her difficult, perhaps tearful, and possibly ravaged by her grief but when I saw her coming towards me through the crowd I could see no sign of grief. She wore the same loose tweed coat and she held out her hand to me but she did not speak.

Inside the hall we hardly spoke at all. Brenda Boles read the programme and all the notes and handed it to me and throughout the concert she sat absolutely still with her hands in the pockets of her big, untidy coat and her head slightly averted so that I could not see her face. She did not clap or move and, during the Brahms Fourth Symphony I forgot her until, through those surging, restless rhythms I felt her watching me. I turned and saw her flat grey eyes and a blue vein on her forehead and her mouth looked full and bruised. She smiled at me and I realized with a sense of shock the hopelessness and the heartbreak in that smile.

WHEN the concert was over we walked across the park and I suggested a meal. We sat long over our food and still she hardly spoke and when she did it was of trivialities. Suddenly she looked at me and asked: "What did you want to find out from me?" and the question was sudden, like a slap.

I said, not quite truthfully, "I was fond of Neville and I know you were, too. I thought you might like to talk a bit." I might have said: I was always jealous and bitter about Neville Sherwood, although I liked him, in a way. Now I'm curious about his death.

She put out her cigarette and said abruptly, "If you'd care to come back with me I'll make some decent coffee."

The block of flats was tall and old and chilly. I had often wondered why Neville Sherwood lived there but he used to be abroad so much, I suppose it had been sufficient for his purpose.

The lift was out of order and a hand-written notice propped crookedly against the iron gate said BROKEN.

We walked up and up and as I followed her I was conscious of a sense of unreality. Second floor, third, fourth, fifth. . . . On each floor were two front doors and outside each the usual little mat and empty milk bottles.

Brenda Boles and Neville Sherwood had the two top flats. Brenda, pointing to the closed door opposite, said, "That was how I met him. He asked me to redirect his mail. The police have been going through his things." She spoke quickly, running one sentence incoherently into the next. She inserted her front door key and held the door open for me to enter.

HER flat was untidy and rather dusty with all the paraphernalia of an artist littered round the sitting-room. There was a portrait of Neville Sherwood on the floor, presumably waiting to be hung—and a pen and ink sketch over the fireplace. Both were astonishingly alive—astonishingly because her other work, of which there was a good deal, did not appear to me to be half as good. By the window was a clay head and shoulders model and I had to stop and look because that idiotic grin seemed to be just about to break and I almost heard him say: "Hallo, chum! What about a drink?"

Brenda brought the coffee, lit the gas fire. She lay back in an armchair, her pale hair dishevelled against the faded cushions. I looked round this room and thought of Midge's drawing-room, gracious, immaculate. I wondered: would this Bohemian casualness annoy me, after a time, as much as Midge's orderliness? What was it I really wanted?

I drank my coffee, which was black and hot and good and looked at Brenda Boles who was, in her own queer, pale way, desirable. When she still refused to speak I said: "You must miss him very much," and it was inane and useless.

That cool, sweet voice was calm. If she cried, I thought, her weeping would be tearless, rough and painful and from deep inside her, like a man may weep perhaps twice in all his life, when he is quite alone.

"No," she said, "I shan't really miss him. He was so seldom here."

"But you would hear from him?"

She lit a cigarette. "No. I have never known him write a letter. Not to me."

"He was good fun," I said.

She put the (*Continued from page 54*)

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cigarette between her lips and drew smoke deep into her lungs.

"He never let anybody down," she said, "because he never promised anything. He never broke his word because he never gave it. He was a man's man, not a woman's. Women expect too much," she said. "Women always expect too much, far more than men like him are capable of giving."

Her eyes were empty of expression. I wondered if Brenda Boles had *killed* Neville Sherwood and, with a rising feeling of excitement, what I should do if I discovered that she had. This girl knew something. She was enigmatic. I had a feeling all the time that she wasn't quite as she appeared to be and another feeling—disturbing and unusual—that in some way she was playing with me.

I finished my coffee and said: "Did he love you, Brenda?"

She laughed. The sound was eerie.

"He was fond of me. I understood him and his work and he understood me and mine. That's half the battle—being able to talk, to understand."

"I know," I said, remembering Midge and our long silences.

"But that wasn't enough for him. He could have had any woman he'd ever wanted but he only wanted one and she was the exception."

I asked: "Who was she?"

Her expression was almost cunning. "Why do you want to know? Do you think I'd tell you? You—the press?"

"No," I said, "I don't suppose you would."

"He described her to me once," said Brenda Boles. "He never let me meet her." She moved restlessly in her chair and her lips were twitching. I thought: She killed him. Soon I'll catch her out—and not wanting to catch her out, not for the meatiest news story in the world.

She went on, slowly, clearly: "He said she was a woman you could take anywhere, who blended into her background. You were unaware of what she wore. You only knew that everything about her was in its own way perfect. He said: 'In this chaotic untidy world she gives me calm and order. She doesn't speak unnecessarily but every word is worth the saying. She's tiny but she walks beautifully and she's the most fastidious person I've ever known.'"

I KNEW she was quoting him word for word, that her jealousy and her bitterness had imprinted this description of another woman forever on her memory like the imprint of a head upon a coin.

"Why didn't he marry her?"

Brenda Boles said briefly, "She was married and very loyal. Stupid, selfless loyalty to someone who wasn't worth her little finger." She rose swiftly from her chair and spoke across the room in that cool, sweet voice, "She never gave him her photograph but he used to keep a bracelet she'd had since she was a child. Did you know he was sentimental? Well, he was. He was a perfectionist and to him she meant perfection. I knew where he kept this bracelet and I went and got it after the police had left. I don't know why except that somebody might have found it and recognized it and he wouldn't want a scandal."

She went to a drawer and pulled it open and then turned to face me and her face was sly. She handed me a slender chain with a tiny locket. I pressed the catch and the locket flew open. Inside, barely legible, was engraved the name "Victoria."

I would have known that bracelet anywhere. I had seen it constantly though not, I remembered, in recent years. Victoria was the name of Midge's mother and the bracelet was my wife's.

I never saw Brenda Boles again, nor did I find out for sure whether she had murdered Neville Sherwood or whether he, possessor of everything except the one woman he really wanted, had killed himself.

Midge went off to Italy to stay with an aunt and took the children with her. The children would return, I knew, in time for the new school term, but I wasn't so sure of Midge.

I went to see them off and suddenly, spontaneously, I held Midge close and said, "Come back, darling," remembering the loyalty, the self-control of Midge and the pain she must have known and something deep inside me began to bleed.

She looked surprised and wary but she pressed my hand and climbed into the compartment, so neat and quiet in her black outfit. The kind of woman you can take anywhere, who blends into her background. The perfectionist's idea of perfection. . . . Just Midge.

I could have cried—with shame and with remorse.

As the train pulled out I wondered if I should see her again. After all, there was no one to bring her back to London now—except me—and I wasn't worth her little finger.

END

Drugs To Soothe And Heal

(*Continued from page* 35)

wish to conceal. It is by no means unknown for malingerers and psychopaths to produce long and circumstantial, but completely fabricated, "confessions" under the "truth drug," so the evidence obtained in this way is probably only of value if corroborated by other means.

However, this method is useful in certain acute mental states, allowing the patient to express buried or painful thoughts, and to obtain emotional relief by "getting it off his chest," a process known technically as "abreaction" and familiar to all of us in everyday life, as when we say of somebody suffering grief: "She'd feel much better if she let herself go and had a good cry!"

The barbiturates were used in this way a good deal during the last war in dealing with Servicemen acutely disturbed in their minds by severe and terrifying battle experiences.

Serjeant W. was brought into a Casualty Clearing Centre in Normandy, after being under mortar-fire, having seen most of his platoon wiped out. He was unable to talk, and though quite unwounded had lost the use of his legs. When a barbiturate was injected into one of the veins in his forearm, and he was encouraged by the psychiatrist to talk about what happened, he began to struggle and shout, describing graphically the awful scenes through which he had passed He became more and more excited, so that it required a couple of hefty orderlies to keep him on the stretcher, and finally, when he reached the end of the story, he broke down, weeping and blaming himself for the death of his men. When he came round from the drug, he was able to walk and to talk, though still with much distress, of what had happened to him, and subsequent "narco-analytic" sessions helped to speed his recovery.

Another method of producing abreaction is by the patient being allowed to inhale a mixture of oxygen and carbon-dioxide, a procedure which is as simple as having gas at the dentist's, and without the necessity for an injection. This method is used a good deal in some psychiatric out-patient departments, as the patient recovers quickly and is able to go home unescorted whereas he may need some hours to be quite himself after an injection of the barbiturates.

The "amphetamine" group of drugs have almost the opposite action from the barbiturates, for they tend to stimulate the brain; different drugs of this class are probably familiar to the reader under their trade names such as "benzedrine," "dexedrine" and "methedrine." They increase mental alertness and are often used to reduce the feeling of fatigue or mitigate the "hangover" after a party, but they should not be taken indiscriminately as they may interfere with sleep, and after long periods of use can produce mild confusion and irresponsible behaviour. These drugs were used for assault troops and airmen during the war, but their use was carefully regulated because it was found that, under the mild elation they produced in some men, reckless and ill-considered actions sometimes resulted.

THE use of these drugs for slimming is not within the scope of this article, but they are used for behaviour problems in some children who have become restless and aggressive as the result of an encephalitis; in them, for some reason, these drugs produce a calming, quieting effect. In children who suffer from bed-wetting, also, amphetamine may be useful either by making the child sleep a little less heavily—such children nearly always sleep like logs—or by some specific action on the brain centre which governs the unconscious control of the bladder.

In epilepsy, nowadays, there is fresh hope from a number of new drugs, though the older bromides and phenobarbitone still have a useful rôle in treatment. New drugs such as epanutin, phenytoin and dilantin, which control the number of the fits, have made it possible for many epileptics to work normally and lead a fairly full life.

A valuable drug for minor epilepsy, often occurring almost unnoticed in children, is tridione. Such children may only suffer from periodic and fleeting attacks of mental blankness with no physical convulsion, but if such blank periods occur frequently this may result in the child becoming very much retarded in intellectual and scholastic progress.

Glutamic acid is another drug used in recent years for backward or mentally defective children; in certain cases it has produced a definite increase in intelligence, but only in those children whose defect is due to some lack of this substance in the brain.

As well as their uses in treatment, many drugs are now being used in research into the metabolism of the brain and into the way in which various mental symptoms are produced from the organic angle. It has long been known that certain drugs, notably opium, cocaine and Indian hemp (hashish) produce states of mental exaltation accompanied by altered sense-perceptions such as illusions and hallucinations. The drug-taker may see wonderful visions, hear heavenly music, and feel himself to be in Paradise.

A good deal of work has been done in experimental psychiatry with mescaline, a drug known to the Aztecs before Cortez conquered Mexico. One doctor who tried its effects on himself in recent years reported that mescaline gave him a feeling of superiority and joviality; he saw visions of bright, geometric designs and moving patterns in brilliant colours. Later on he saw visions of little friendly animals and dwarfs, and also of a great ceiling which appeared to be knitted out of grey wool. Other observers who have taken mescaline reported vivid visual hallucinations, also a marked alteration of their sense of time. At present a great deal of promising work is being done with compounds of lysergic acid which have an effect similar to mescaline.

If scientists can find out how these various drugs act upon the brain—and by delicate biochemical methods and the use of radio-active isotopes followed by X-rays it is gradually becoming possible to explore the complex reactions involved—we may hope to understand better how normal mental processes take place.

END

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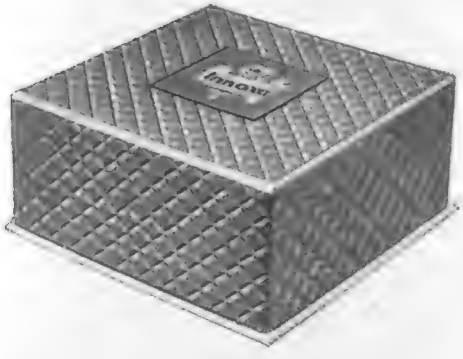

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Books (*Continued from page 36*)

KARL ESKELUND'S journey with a Chinese wife was a more casual, though arduous, affair — along the mountainous Pacific coast from Guatemala to Chile. In Ecuador he found a Danish couple living quite happily in the jungle among Jibaro head-hunters, and gives a vivid account of the native feuds that produce those grisly, shrunken "zanza" heads that sometimes become travellers' trophies. **"Head-Hunting In Ecuador"** (Burke, 18s.) has the lure of the unfamiliar.

IN Richard Church's **"A Portrait Of Canterbury"** (Hutchinson, 15s.) I find the familiar beautifully interpreted by a poet who writes as an artist, building his portrait from history and the people who helped to make it. It will please both those who know the city well and those who want a sensitive introduction to it: a dual test books of this kind do not always pass. There are excellent photographs.

L. A. G. STRONG has the Irish passion for moral argument. There is plenty—possibly too much for some people—in his novel **"The Hill Of Howth"** (Methuen, 12s. 6d.). A man who has just visited his mistress suffers loss of memory through the shock of seeing a boy killed by a lorry. He meets an actor who begins a psychiatric probe into his life, especially his sex-life; a very human priest joins in the probe, to help him achieve an ultimate "state of grace." Mr. Strong makes the quest spiritually exciting; the story is unique, unlike any other I've read, and sensuous in its presentation of libertine love.

THE pre-Emma loves of Nelson may not have been libertine, but they were various, beginning with Susan Borrow, Yarmouth ship's-chandler's daughter, when he was midshipman "Mr. Nel" at fifteen, and culminating in marriage to Fanny Nisbet. In between were admiral's wife Lady Parker (Caribbean), provost-marshal's daughter Virginie Simpson (Quebec), Indian chief's daughter Chetuma, Rose Andrews, Mrs. Moutray and all. Novelizing these episodes in **"Mr. Nelson's Ladies"** (Faber, 12s. 6d.), Showell Styles has presumably romanticized fact. The outcome is gracefully readable; his Navy seascapes have a Hornblower tang.

I DOUBT if Anglo-U.S. marriages will be fostered by Monica Dickens's **"No More Meadows"** (Michael Joseph, 12s. 6d.). English Christine marries U.S. Navy commander Vinson and transplants to a world where restaurants have TV screens, streetcar radios blare hillbilly stuff, men wear ties like "A Gauguin nightmare," admirals' wives must be tolerated, and mothers-in-law can be dragons (Vinson's is a prize specimen, brilliantly dissected). She slips into a tragic love affair, but there is no escape. This is far and away Miss Dickens's best novel because she seems to have poured sharp personal reactions into it, and her reactions always matter.

A VAIN mistress stealing the man loved by the governess she employs is no new theme; Victorians were familiar with it. But acute characterization in a Florentine villa setting gives it a new distinction in Lettice Cooper's **"Fenny"** (Gollancz, 12s. 6d.), and there is the added twist in the frustrated Ellen's resolve, later in life, that the girl she has taught shall be saved from a similar unhappiness. Miss Cooper shows a profound insight into people, conflicts, motives; she steeps us in her sun-ochred Italian background.

INTERNATIONAL intrigue sets the pace—a fast Cheyney one—in Selwyn's **"Operation Ballerina"** (Hodder & Stoughton, 10s. 6d.), which portrays the adventures of a Russian decoding officer in the Foreign Office who smuggles himself into Soviet Russia to bring back the ballet dancer he loves. "Smuggles" may not be quite the word since the Russians had a motive for secretly facilitating his entry, and a seductive Mata Hari type tagged on to him, ostensibly to help! Here is a tense action-thriller with drama on almost every page and a helicopter chasing the couple's car to the Finnish border for climax.

TWO Alpine brothers who find a crashed plane—one a former guide turned shepherd, the other a no-good—provide the drama in Henri Troyat's **"The Mountain"** (W. H. Allen, 10s 6d.). Honest Isiah wants to carry down the sole survivor, a dying Indian girl; Marcellin, intent only on booty, wants to leave her to her fate. The conflict between the two is symbolically between good and evil. The style, in Constantine Fitzgibbon's translation, has a French clarity as crystalline as the Alpine scene.

ALFRED DUGGAN has established himself as a master of medieval romance. **"The Lady For Ransom"** (Faber, 15s.) is the wife of a Norman adventurer serving the Romanian Emperors who pits his motley band against the marauding Turks. Campaigns, intrigues, glittering Constantinople comes alive under Mr. Duggan's scholarly yet vitalizing touch.

GEORGE BAKER'S **"The Last Shore"** (Barrie, 12s. 6d.) retells graphically the story of Troy, conjuring live drama from the stained dust of history.

MISCELLANEOUS

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END

Too Good To Be True (*Continued from page 34*)

"Handy things—roof gardens," said Mr. Bates, peering over the parapet.

Anita found herself shivering with cold. "It's heavenly up here on a summer's day," she said, glad to think that Mr. Bates would only be a memory by the time sun-bathing days were here again.

He moved in after lunch. His luggage, like his clothes, was conservative but good. Whatever his line Mr. Bates wasn't short of money. But Highgate Village seemed a funny place for him to choose to live in. He'd have been more at home, she thought, in an hotel off the Strand. As though he'd read her thoughts he said: "Seems a nice quiet neighbourhood for a bit of a rest."

"It's very quiet," Anita agreed. "Healthy, too. We're as high as St. Paul's."

Peter took the news that night with aggravating *sang-froid*.

"I suppose you checked up on his references?" he said, looking in the oven.

"Goulash, greedy," Anita told him, "and no, I didn't. He's only here for a month and he paid in advance." She waved the notes under his nose. "All this lovely money towards the washing-machine."

"Ready money, eh? What's his racket?"

"How do I know? If you're so curious you'd better ask him."

MR. BATES came in just as they were finishing supper and Peter went out in the hall to meet him. He came back grinning.

"Better look out, Annie," he hissed. "That man's a wolf in shepherd's plaid suiting. Very snappy lad. What's he doing in the village, I wonder?"

"Resting," Anita said, feeling suddenly protective. "He wants peace and quiet."

Peter kissed her. "As long as he doesn't want you."

"Shush," she said. "Walls have ears. Better remember that in the future. No morning yodelling in the bath. No midnight raids on the fridge."

"So I married a landlady," Peter marvelled. "Who'd have thought it?"

A few days proved that there was nothing wrong with Stanley Bates except, perhaps, the monotony of perfection. Having known the best, Anita felt that she would never be able to face the anti-climax of a successor. For Mr. Bates was as neat and tidy as an old maid. He left the bath spotless, made his own bed and dusted his own room. And he never made a sound. Undoubtedly he came in very late at night, but although Anita prided herself on being a light sleeper she never heard him.

She commented on this phenomenon one morning at the breakfast table. "Plays poker," said Peter, reaching for the eggs and bacon, "bet you anything."

"Why," demanded Anita, frowning at her husband. "Why are you so down on Mr. Bates?"

"Too good to be true," Peter said cheerfully.

Anita went on frowning. "If you were more like Mr. Bates," she told him resentfully, "I wouldn't have half the work to get through. His mother certainly brought him up in the right way."

"What d'you mean?" demanded Peter, looking slightly aggrieved.

"I mean that his wife is going to be a very lucky girl. Look at the way he keeps his clothes. And his shoes always on trees and polished like glass. (*Continued on page 58*)

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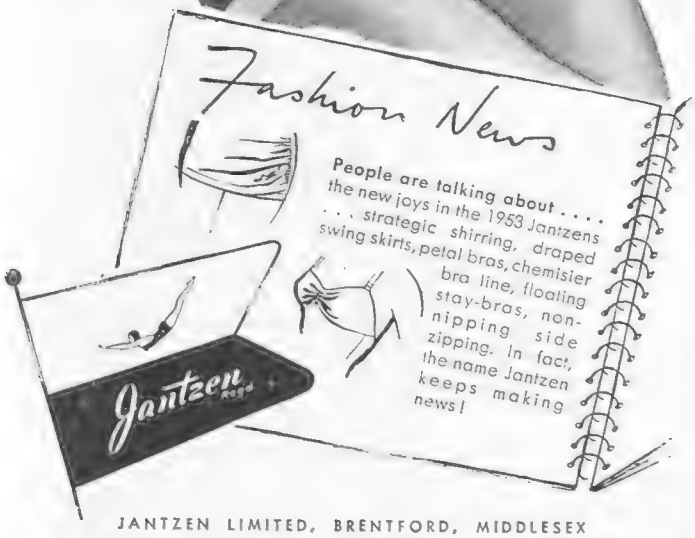
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I do like to see a man taking a pride in well-polished shoes."

The subject was a painful one in the Fletcher ménage. Peter groaned. "Anything else?"

"Plenty," Anita snapped. "Have you noticed the way he leaves the bathroom? Clean as a pin. No tide-marks, no puddles and no nasty old razor blades."

"Probably eats them."

Anita glared. "Just because he's considerate you don't like him."

"Considerate!" Peter jeered. "The man's a blinking paragon."

"You don't have to shout."

"Who's shouting?"

"You are. Do you want to wake him up?"

"Confound the blinking lodger," Peter shouted. "I'll be glad when he clears out."

Like a whirlwind he went through his dressing routine leaving behind him a wrack of masculine confusion. "Mr. Bates," said Anita from the kitchen, "never leaves cigarette ends in his saucer."

"How should he when the blighter doesn't smoke?"

"If he did, he wouldn't," Anita said, with conviction.

"Women!" moaned Mr. Fletcher, reaching for his hat.

ANITA went about her morning's work brooding over the early morning scene. They'd almost quarrelled—all about nothing. If that was what having a lodger let one in for, she'd almost rather do without a washing-machine. At eleven o'clock she made coffee. It was a cold, wet morning and it didn't seem right that anyone, not even a lodger, should go out without a hot drink. She tapped at his door. "Coffee," she called. "I've just made it."

Mr. Bates thanked her politely. His handsome dressing-gown, unlike some people's, was unmarred by stains or cigarette burns. His hair, sleeked back from his bony face, was as shiny as the back of a seal. As a lodger he was perfect, but as a man she just didn't like him.

When she went back to the kitchen some time later she saw Mr. Bates's cup and saucer on the table. Washed, wiped and polished. She stared at it with dull resentment. No man had any right to be so punctilious. Peter was quite right, it just wasn't natural. Mr. Bates must have some frightful secret vices to balance off such morbid perfection.

She began to smile. Thank goodness Peter wasn't like that. She thought fondly of his reliance on her for all the small, important everyday things. She was the one who kept the home going, who could put her hand on everything in the flat. "Where's my best tie?" Peter would bawl and be filled with humorous surprise when she pointed out that it was in its right place, right under his great big nose. He needed her in a thousand different ways, but Mr. Bates needed no one. He wouldn't even let her wash up his cup or make his bed.

His door was open and she wandered into his room. It was as tidy as a hospital ward before the matron's inspection. Bed made without a crease, extra rug folded in a perfect square at the bottom. Small travelling clock at an angle of twenty-five degrees. He'd gone out and, as usual, she hadn't heard the door close.

"Bother the man!" she said aloud.

PETER came home that night with a big bunch of roses. Anita welcomed him ecstatically. They kissed as though they'd only been married a week instead of over a year. "Feel like the flicks, Little Annie?" he asked fondly.

Anita nodded. "Don't call me Annie, dear. What's on?"

"A thriller—all murder and mayhem. Suit you?"

They took toffees and sat, hand in hand, blissfully thrilling to the tangled web of intrigue and sudden death. They went to bed late. Rain was rattling against the window, and the wind shrieked round the block like a lost banshee.

"Hope he's got his mac," Anita said, sleepily snuggling down in her pillow.

"Who?"

"Mr. Bates, of course."

Peter grinned. "Don't go getting a mother complex over the lodger," he said. "That lad knows how to take care of himself."

Anita remembered the cup and saucer and abandoned Mr. Bates to his fate—and the weather. "Oh—Peter!" she cried. "I'm so glad you're not perfect."

The next morning Mr. Bates went out early for the first time. He had left his room as neat as ever but a pair of shoes, carefully laid on their sides on a newspaper, proved that he'd been out in the storm the night before. Rain had spattered their high gloss and mud still clung to the heels.

Triumphantly Anita carried them into the kitchen. At last, whether he liked it or not, she was going to do him a service. The idea pleased her. He'd made her feel like a profiteer—taking all that money and giving so little in return. . . .

Humming to herself she set to work with brushes and polish. The shoes were curiously heavy, she thought. Closer inspection provided the explanation. These were very special shoes, with cunningly built-up heels to give their wearer an added inch or two of height. Somehow, having discovered his little secret made Anita like Mr. Bates better than before. Like any one else he had his little weaknesses and vanities——

"That," said Mr. Bates from the kitchen door, "is something I don't allow any woman to do for me."

Anita nearly screamed. "You made me jump out of my skin," she gasped. "Why don't you honk or something?"

Mr. Bates smiled, a trifle grimly. "Sorry." He took the shoes from her hand and padded noiselessly from the room. She glared at his retreating back. She'd learnt her lesson. In future Mr. Stanley Bates could stew in his own juice. But she wouldn't tell Peter—she could just imagine how he would laugh.

A PEREMPTORY ring interrupted her favourite radio programme the next afternoon. A big man in a trilby hat and mackintosh stood at the door.

"Mrs. Fletcher?" he asked.

Anita nodded a bit guardedly. If this was another prospective lodger trying to book her room—he'd be unlucky. She disliked him at sight.

"Detective-Inspector Bell," the man said, looking at her curiously.

Anita fell back, the blood drumming in her ears. Peter had had an accident. Was lying in hospital seriously injured. Or even—even——

"Take it easy, Mrs. Fletcher," the detective-inspector said. "I just want a few words with your lodger—Mr. Bates."

The relief was tremendous. "Silly of me," Anita said. "I thought it was about my husband."

Some of the geniality faded from the man's eyes. "And why should you think that?"

"Well, you know what women are," gabbled Anita. "I thought he'd bashed into something in his car. . . ."

The detective relaxed a little. "They wouldn't send me on an errand of that nature."

"I suppose not," Anita said, her thoughts flying off on a new tangent. "I'm afraid Mr. Bates is out."

"Just tell him I called, then, Mrs. Fletcher. He'll know what it's about."

Anita watched the man ring for the lift and then she shut the door. Now she knew the real meaning of the built-up heels. They were for use—not vanity. A handy cache for such trifles as stolen jewellery—or drugs. With a long, shuddering sigh she pulled herself together and hurried to the dining-room. Peter's precious silver cups, won at university for rowing, were still safe, all five of them. So was the canteen of silver, a wedding present from Peter's parents, and the silk-lined cases of tea knives and apostle spoons.

A hasty check-up of her trinket box proved, that as yet, Mr. Bates had not got round to pinching her moonstone necklace or the ruby ear-rings Peter had given her for her last birthday. No doubt, all he was waiting for was an opportunity of stripping the flat of all its valuables.

Working feverishly she gathered her treasures together and hid them carefully. Her trinkets she shoved down the sides of the armchairs, while her short fur coat found a temporary home at the back of the airing cupboard. The tankards and silver she locked in the sideboard and carefully hid the key. Her sigh of relief was nipped off by the sound of Mr. Bates letting himself in at the front door. With a gasp of alarm she sped into the bedroom and locked the door, and for good measure barricaded it with the chest of drawers.

WHEN Peter came home the flat was in darkness. She heard him switching on lights and banging doors. "Where are you, Annie?" he bawled, a note of alarm in his voice. "Are you all right?"

She tugged the chest clear and opened the door an inch. "In here!" she hissed.

"What on earth——" he began.

"Shush!" she whispered. "Don't make so much noise." She tip-toed to the dining-room and Peter followed her.

"Where are my cups?" he yelled.

"Quiet!" Anita said, making dumb sounds towards the lodger's room. "He'll hear you."

"What is all this?" Peter demanded impatiently, "a new kind of guessing game?"

"And that's all you can say," sobbed Anita, "after all I've been through. Alone in the flat with a thief—without any tea or anything——"

"If he's pinched my cups——" Peter began belligerently.

"He hasn't pinched anything—thanks to me," Anita said, sniffing piteously.

Peter automatically patted her on the back. "Then what's it all about, Annie," he coaxed. "Take it easy and give me the facts."

"It's the lodger," she gulped. "He's got false heels and the police are after him. That's why I hid everything. You'd better ring 999 and tell them to come for him. But don't let him hear. He may have a gun."

Peter shook his head. "Not till I get this thing sorted out. Start from the beginning Little Annie—and take it easy."

BY the time she'd finished her story Peter was grinning. He said indulgently: "I think you're jumping to conclusions, pet. Even detectives have mothers. This lodger of ours is probably the chap's brother——"

"They're not a bit alike," Anita said indignantly. "This detective was a great big man."

"What about me and Bill," Peter said. "We don't look much alike either, do we?"

"No, thank goodness," Anita snapped, without thought.

"And what's wrong with Bill may I ask?" Peter said coldly.

"Why drag your relatives into it?" Anita hissed angrily. "Tell the lodger the police are after him and just see what happens."

"Mean to say you haven't given him the message?" Peter sounded quite shocked.

She began to sniff again. "And run the risk of him getting violent?"

Peter looked at her and grinned. "All right, pet. I'll go and see him. Stay right here till I get back."

He seemed to be gone for hours. Anita stuck it as long as she could and then crept out into the passage. Had Mr. Bates got tough? Perhaps he'd knocked Peter out with a cosh, or one of his heavy shoes. Perhaps. . . .

THE uncanny silence of the flat was broken by laughter, two men roaring their heads off. They laughed and they laughed till the flat echoed with their mirth. Peter burst out of the lodger's room grinning widely, "Let me introduce you to Detective-Inspector Bates," he said.

The lodger had the grace to look a little ashamed of himself. "Sorry Mrs. Fletcher," he said, "but when we're on a job it's not always wise to advertise the fact. I hope you'll forgive me if I've caused you any alarm."

"That's quite (*Continued on page 60*)

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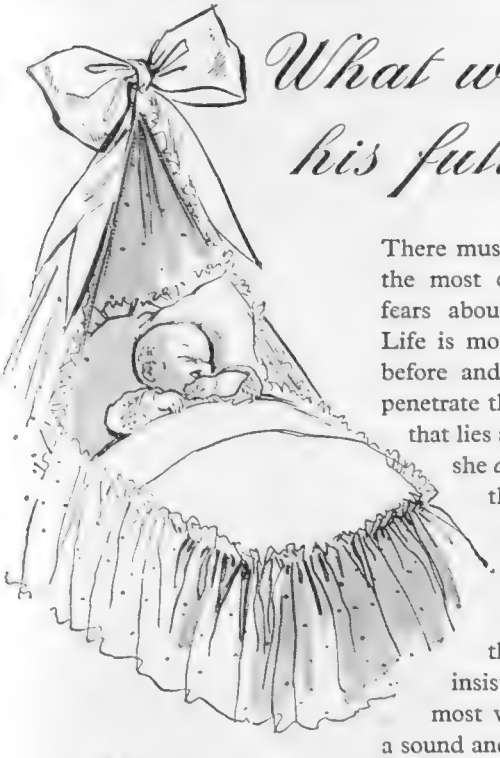

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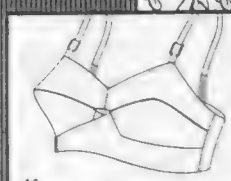

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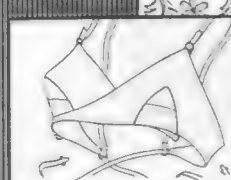

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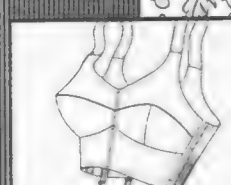

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all right, Mr. Bates," Anita said stiffly, wishing a hole might form in the floor and drop her to street level, "I'm afraid I've been very stupid."

"Bates served in the Navy during the war," Peter told her, "That's why he's so confoundedly tidy about the place." He grinned at the lodger. "Comparisons are odious. I should know. But no hard feelings. What will you drink?"

"Beer," said Mr. Bates. "I don't usually touch anything when I'm working—but just this once. . . ."

"Do you mean you're after crooks—in this neighbourhood?" Anita asked incredulously.

"In this very block," Peter said, "but keep it under your hat."

"So that's why you said fire escapes were handy," said Anita, thoughtfully. "You've been using it quite a lot."

Mr. Bates looked a trifle confused and Peter came to the rescue. "Not another word, Annie. It's all frightfully hush-hush, and nothing for you to worry about. Just a little case of suspected gambling for high stakes."

Too Good To Be True

"In Highgate!" Anita breathed, sounding shocked.

"What did I tell you!" Peter said significantly. He turned to the sideboard and Anita's hand flew to her lips. Peter tugged at the doors and then he turned and stared at her scarlet face. "She hid my cups, Bates!" he chortled.

"And my jewellery," Anita giggled, suddenly seeing the funny side of things, "and your cuff-links Peter, and the fish knives and. . . ."

Peter was bellowing with laughter again, and so was the lodger while tears rolled down Anita's face. Peter mopped at her cheeks with his handkerchief, "Come on Little Annie," he said, "this calls for a celebration. Where are the keys?"

"That's just the joke," moaned Anita, "I hid them in a safe place and—I can't—remember—where. . . ."

END

The Daring Exploit Of Colonel Blood

(*Continued from page* 28)

clapped into the Tower with Parrot and the colonel. Only Holloway escaped.

The affair caused a first-rate sensation. Not unnaturally, King Charles was intensely interested, and he sent Sir Gilbert Talbot, Keeper of the Jewels, down to the Tower to make a thorough investigation and report back to him. But nobody could get much out of Blood, who took his failure badly and sulked in his cell, declining to answer the questions of the examining magistrates and saying that he would confess only to the King himself.

So into the presence of the Merry Monarch he was taken a few days later—to be charged first, not with the attempt on the Crown jewels, but with a vicious attack on the person of the Duke of Ormonde which had occurred six months before and of which Blood had been strongly suspected. To this the colonel now admitted, though he refused to name his confederates. In the presence of his King, the spirits of this swashbuckling adventurer seemed to rise, and he fenced cleverly with his royal questioner; while the King himself, intrigued by such a rogue, appeared to enjoy the interview. And he took little umbrage at Blood's audacious attempt on his regalia.

The net result was that, after being returned to the Tower to cool his heels for two months more, Blood got a free pardon. And not only that: he was given a pension of £500 a year and his Irish lands, whose seizure had been the original cause of his feud with the Duke of Ormonde, were restored to him. In this respect he fared much better than his victim Edwards, who was granted a mere £200 in compensation for the injuries he had suffered in defending the Royal treasures.

Blood's generous treatment by King Charles was a strange reward for a crime which affected the King so nearly; but Charles may have thought it expedient, in those days when plots and conspiracies were rife, to enlist such an accomplished trouble-maker as Blood—ex-parliamentarian and anti-royalist intriguer who knew the political underworld so intimately—as a useful spy and informer on the monarchist side.

For a time after his release from the Tower Blood swaggered around the fashionable haunts of London keeping company in high society. At one smart gathering Evelyn noted him: "that impudent bold fellow. . . . The man had not only a daring but a villainous unmercifull looke, a false countenance, but very well spoken and dangerously insinuating." And it may be wagered that at many of these assemblies the presence of the newly-elevated colonel, with his dubious past and his reputation for hot-headed action, made not a few people uneasy.

Colonel Thomas Blood's chequered career has a certain romantic fascination; for no more colourful rogue struts in the wings of English history than this Restoration adventurer who, as a bogus parson, committed the supreme impudence of attempting to steal the Crown jewels.

END

Crowning Glory

(*Continued from page* 48)

does develop, then extra precautions have to be taken, such as washing brushes and combs every day, rinsing them in disinfectant and washing the hair twice or three times a week. Constant cleanliness usually wins in the end, but dandruff should never be allowed to become really troublesome, for skin troubles can develop from it. If at all marked, a doctor should be consulted and then a short course of antiseptic treatment will soon check the condition.

DIET is thought to play some part in the cause of dandruff. It seems to have become more prevalent since the war, which made a preponderance of starchy foods inevitable in our diet. Greenstuffs, tomatoes and fruit should be eaten in abundance for hair nourishment. Plenty of fresh air is good for the hair, too.

Brushing is a controversial subject on which the experts disagree. What modern child would dream of submitting to the Victorian discipline of one hundred strokes with harsh whalebone bristles? The modern tendency is to advocate light brushing with soft bristle, turning the brush at each stroke so as to lift the scalp gently. This gentle pulling on the strands of hair, helps the flow of blood and keeps the scalp healthy.

Mothers may find that with the years of adolescence their sons will be taking more interest in their appearance, may resort to water from the tap to control their hair. This should be discouraged because water encourages bacterial activity and the hair is likely to become brittle and fall out. Mother knows her job is done when children reach their teens, and their sidelong glances into the mirror indicate that their own interest in appearance will now supplant hers.

END

Variations On A Chocolate Box

(*Continued from page 23*)

invited artists of the day to design something for Christmas, people of the calibre of Dame Laura Knight, Mark Gertler, Dod Proctor and Arthur Rackham. Doubtless they painted good pictures, but they were not good chocolate boxes. Even Arthur Rackham achieved less than half the sale of the good old—dare we say vulgar?—attractions. Nobody wanted art with their chocolates.

Lovers and lady loves alike wanted pictures of Gladys Cooper and pin-up girls, pictures by Lewis Baumer and a host of other equally inspired, though anonymous painters. The Victorian lady whose last defence against adversity was retirement to her boudoir with a box of chocolate creams; the Edwardian miss for whom an afternoon's punting on the river was made or marred by the size of the chocolate box, even the flapper of the twenties who it seems spent her off-time stretched out on a rug before the fire, with cigarettes, chocolates and novel by Michael Arlen, all knew what the chocolate box stood for and what it should look like. It stood for romance and luxury and many other things that, alas, have slipped away.

END

Carrying Cape

(*Continued from page 47*)

measures 17 ins. from the cast-on edge, finishing on a second row; work a second row of shaping thus:

1st row.—K. 10, (k. 3 tog., p. 1, k. 1, p. 1) 27 times, k. 3 tog., p. 1, k. 1, p. 3 tog., k. 3 tog., k. 10 (133 sts.).

2nd row.—K. 10, (p. 1, k. 1) 56 times, p. 1, k. 10.

3rd row.—K. 10, (k. 1, p. 1) 56 times, k. 11.

Rep. the last 2 rows until work measures 20 ins. from the cast-on edge, finishing on a 3rd row.

Make slots for ribbon and shape top thus:

1st row.—K. 2 tog. (w.fd., k. 3 tog., k. 1, w.fd., k. 2 tog.) 20 times, w.fd., k. 3 tog., k. 1) twice, wfd., k. 3 tog. (109 sts.)

2nd row.—K. 10, (k. 1, p. 1) 44 times, k. 11.

3rd row.—K. 10, (p. 1, k. 1) 44 times, p. 1, k. 10.

Rep. the last 2 rows for 6 ins.

Now divide sts. in half (dec. 1 st. at centre) and fold work in half with right sides facing, cast off both sets of sts. tog.

MAKING UP.—Press lightly. Crochet a chain approximately 30 ins. long and thread through holes at neck. Finish each end with tassel.

END

Checks, Plain And Fancy

(*Continued from page 46*)

Work 4 rows.

Inc. at end of next and every following 4th row 18 times (95 sts.).

Continue until end of 13th patt.

Cast off 6 sts. at beg. of next wrong side row, then take 2 tog. at each end of next 10 wrong side rows.

Continue until the end of 13th patt.

Cast off 21 sts. at beg. of next right side row, then take 2 tog. at each edge on next 13 rows.

Work 10 rows.

Now cast off 9 sts. at beg. of next 5 wrong side rows.

BACK

Cast on 121 sts. on No. 13 needles nad work in rib to match front for 4½ ins.

Change to No. 12 needles and patt. and work as follows:

K. 5 (p. 1, k. 9) 11 times, p. 1, k. 5.

Next row.—P. 5, k. 1 (p. 9, k. 1) 11 times.

Work 1 complete patt.

Now inc. at each end of next and every following 4th row 18 times (157 sts.).

Continue until end of 7th patt.

Cast off 6 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then take 2 tog. at each end of next 10 right side rows (125 sts.).

Continue until work measures 20½ ins.

Cast off 9 sts. at beg. of next 10 rows.

Put remaining 35 sts. on spare needle.

SLEEVE

Cast on 97 sts. on No. 13 needles in white and work in patt., beg. 1st row: k. 3 (p. 1, k. 9) 9 times, p. 1, k. 3.

Work 4 rows, then change to No. 12 needles and inc. at each end of this and every following 4th row 9 times (115 sts.).

Continue until end of 4th patt.

Cast off 6 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. at each end of every alternate row 9 times, then on every row 32 times.

Cast off 7 sts. at beg. of next 3 rows.

Work second sleeve to match.

COLLAR

Cast on 24 sts. on No. 13 needles in black and work 4 rows st.st. Turn under work horizontally and k. tog. 1st st. of row and 1st st. of cast-on row.

The '4711'

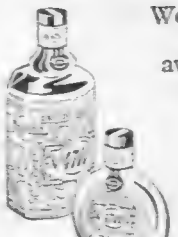
Ritual of Freshness

1 *A touch of '4711' Eau de Cologne on your forehead*

2 *On the nape of your neck*

3 *A touch behind your ears*

4 *From your cupped hands breathe in the reviving vapour itself. How cool, how magically cool and fresh you feel!*



Women everywhere are bewitched by that '4711' coolness, by the bracing fragrance that wafts away every trace of tiredness. Wonderful '4711' to bless and cool you! When you think of Eau de Cologne—you think, quite instinctively, of "Four-seven-eleven", don't you? '4711' keeps you so graciously refreshed, so confident the livelong day. '4711's fragrantly distilled spirits evaporate coolly as they touch your skin. Just float away heat and tiredness in a cool refreshing vapour!

Watch-shaped bottle 3'10 *For your dressing table, from* 7/4

and now - new - Solid 4711!

What is it? It's a translucent stick of '4711' Solid Eau de Cologne with extra coolness—in an attractive blue and ivory case. Gentle as gossamer, cool as crystal—just soo-oothes away tiredness, headaches, all your workaday worries! In a second your forehead is cool, your head is clear. Solid '4711' is marvellous! It's almost worth being hot and fussed just to rub that invigorating stick across your forehead! Never be without it. It's a godsend!

To carry in your handbag, 4'6

No. 4711. EAU DE COLOGNE

Made in England by R. J. REUTER COMPANY LTD · 50 UPPER BROOK STREET · LONDON W1

Continue in this way to end of row, making a small hem.

P. 1 row.

Now change to patt. and work 2 B, 2 W to end of row.

P. back in same colour combination, making a small check.

Next row.—K. 2 W, 2 B to end of row.

P. back in same colour combination.

Continue to rep. these 4 rows until work measures 14 ins. and collar is long enough to go round neck.

Work 5 rows st.st. in black.

Cast off.

Now, with No. 13 needles and black wool pick up 252 sts. all along outer edge of collar and work 5 rows st.st.

Cast off.

CUFFS

Cast on 24 sts. in black and work hem to match collar.

Now work in same patt. as for collar without shaping for 10½ ins., which is long enough to go round sleeve edge but leaving small opening.

Checks—Plain And Fancy

Now work 5 rows st.st. in black.

Cast off.

With No. 13 needles and black wool pick up 156 sts. along edge and work 5 rows st.st.

Cast off and work second cuff to match.

TO MAKE UP

Press all pieces under damp cloth, not pressing patt. heavily. Press collar and cuffs, and turn over edges and hem down neatly, neatening joins at corners. Set sleeves into armholes. Join sleeve and side seams. Sew cuffs to edge of sleeves, right side of cuff to wrong side of sleeve, turn over and press. Turn under front edge of blouse and sl. st. down neatly and lightly; turn under and face left front with matching ribbon or binding. Join collar to work, right side of collar to wrong side of jersey, turn over and press down. Neaten buttonholes and sew on buttons. Press again.

END

Don't be shy about this

The one thing you can't afford to be shy about is Tampax. It can spare you from such miseries of embarrassment and self-consciousness so very easily. For Tampax was invented by a doctor to give women a safer, simpler, and more hygienic method of sanitary protection. With Tampax you have nothing to worry about. There are no pins or belts—nothing to show. And because it's *worn internally* chafing is impossible—yet it *costs no more than other forms of sanitary protection.* There are two absorbencies—Regular No. 1 and Super Absorbent No. 2. You can buy Tampax at all chemists and there are full instructions in every packet.

For a trial package, send 5d. in loose stamps with your name and address to: THE NURSE, DEPT. 887, TAMPAX LIMITED, BELVUE ROAD, NORTHOLT, MIDDLESEX.

Mother's Boy

(*Continued from page 25*)

they've always known each other. You had me worried, Mr. Jennings. But Ruth, she's all right, she's only a kid."

"Kids have a way of growing up, Mrs. Gray. Anyhow, I want to talk to Roger."

"Well, he's coming in now," said Charlie. "You can talk your head off. I'm going to get my tea."

When the boy came in, the very sight of him relieved her doubts.

"Hallo, Mum," he said, smiling.

"Hallo, dear."

"Oh, hallo Mr. Jennings," said Roger. "Yes, I know. I should have reported. I forgot. I'm sorry."

The probation officer was smiling at him, too. She cheerfully left them together. How could anyone, actually seeing Roger, think ill of him? That smile, those merry eyes, the young figure of him. Of course there had been trouble in the past—pinching apples, borrowing a bike, and then that silly business with money in the tobacconist's. But it was all over now, anyone could see that. He was a young man now.

At that she checked her thoughts, and frowned. A young man, and some girl would be after him. Not Ruth Andrews, that was too silly. But a terror came into her mind.

WHEN Mr. Jennings had gone, Roger came gaily in, perching on the table, picking up a chocolate biscuit to munch.

"Ticked me off all right," he grinned. "Suppose I deserved it."

Roger smiled at his mother. "You're all dolled up to kill, aren't you? Oh, I forgot, it's Wednesday. You look a million dollars."

She simpered at him. "And what are you doing tonight?"

"Just hanging about with the gang. Get some coffee or something."

"Is Ruth Andrews going with you?"

"Ruth? Oh yes, she'll be there. She's coming here in a minute to pick me up. Why?"

"Isn't she a bit young, Roger?" she ventured.

"Oh, she's just one of the crowd. Safety in numbers!"

It was half past ten when Betty and Charlie got in. They hadn't been to the pictures, but to the pub all the evening, she had felt like it. Now she was a bit tipsy, and Charlie something more.

Betty tried a few dance steps and giggled. An evening like that did her good, made her feel young again. But they'd spent a bit more than they meant to. Good job she hadn't taken that two quid housekeeping, or that would have gone, too. Automatically she went to the mantelpiece and picked up the purse she had left it in. The purse was empty.

She sat down, still a bit muddled, open purse in hand. Had she taken it? No, she was sure she hadn't. Charlie then? But he'd have told her. And then, of course, she knew. Roger.

"Well, why not?" she muttered out loud, defensively. "He was only borrowing it. He knew I wouldn't mind. If he'd asked me, I'd have let him have it. It's his own home, I'm his own mother."

She was seized with a sudden fear that Charlie might find out. But he should not, she'd watch that. She could draw a couple of quid out of the Post Office, and put it back later. All the same, she'd have a word with Roger. He should have asked.

Slowly she went up to the bedroom, all the fun gone out of the evening.

IT was a noise that woke her. She looked at the luminous hands of her watch; half past eleven. There was no noise now. And then there was a murmur from downstairs.

She edged out of bed and put on her dressing gown. Charlie rolled over on his back, grunted, but did not wake. She opened the bedroom door and softly descended the stairs. There was a light under the door of the living-room.

She thrust the door open, and there they were, on the sofa.

The girl gave a cry and wriggled free. Roger straightened himself, and tried an awkward, "Hallo, Mum. Sorry we're a bit late. . . ."

Bursting into sobs, the girl ran past her and fled from the house. Betty made no attempt to stop her. She was staring at her son.

"All right," he said, "you caught us, so you may as well know now. We're in love, Mum. Ruth says she'll marry me. She'll wait, she says, till I'm through the army. Jeez, isn't it wonderful?"

"That you should dare," she whispered.

"She's the girl for me, all right, all right," he went on, eyes shining. "Aren't you happy for me, Mum? I never felt so good."

"That you should dare," she said, louder.

"That's what I've wanted all along," he said. "Somebody to care for."

"You had me."

"Eh? Oh yes, but that's different. Ruth's my own girl now. That means something, eh? Jeez, do I feel wonderful? Be happy for me, Mum. It'll keep me straight, I tell you that."

"She's a little tart," exclaimed Betty angrily, "and you're a thief."

"Eh? What's the idea? Now lay off. I don't get it."

"This very night," she said, "you stole two pounds out of my shopping purse, to take your tart out."

"Now, come off it, Mum," he protested. "I only borrowed it. I'd have asked you, only you'd gone out. You can have it back Friday."

"My money," she said, low, "and you stole it to spend on that girl.

"I'll have the police to you," she suddenly screamed.

"Don't talk daft," he said. "I never stole your money. You can have it back, I've told you. I borrowed it."

"Like you borrowed before," she shouted. "The things they took you to court for. You're a no-good. Rob your own mother. God, to think I bred a thief. But I've finished do you hear? I'll not shield you any more. The things I've done for you, and then you turn on me. And for that slut."

He pushed past her, his face pale. "You'd better cool off, hadn't you? I'm going up to bed."

NEXT morning, when she had got them their breakfast and they had gone off, she sat once more in the chair, staring. Charlie had not noticed the silence at breakfast, he was feeling too ill. Roger had treated it with contempt.

Inside her head the contest went on. On the one hand Roger, her own Roger, charming and gay, and she doting on him; and, on the other, he and that girl on the couch. She shivered when she thought of it, and went cold, like a fever. She sat there most of the morning, not getting herself anything to eat. The milkman rang and beat on the door, but she let him go away unanswered. Somebody called at the front, but she never knew who.

In the early afternoon she suddenly got up and went out of the house. She went down town to the police station.

"But you don't want to charge your own boy, surely," the sergeant protested when she had told him the story.

"He's out of control," she stubbornly insisted. "His father won't do anything about him, and he's beyond me now. He needs a lesson."

After a bit the sergeant went off and fetched Mr. Jennings. He came in as though reluctantly, his long face serious.

"You're feeling angry now, Mrs. Gray," he told her. "Go home and think it over."

But she was obstinate. "He stole, didn't he? Stole from me, his own mother. It'd be wrong if he didn't pay for it."

"You realize, don't you," asked Mr. Jennings, "that they'll send him to Borstal? They won't listen to me again."

Well, so what?" she challenged him. "Didn't you tell me yourself that Borstal is a training, not a punishment? That's what he needs, training, make a decent man of him. Seemingly he'll not get at home."

Mr. Jennings looked weary.

"Mrs. Gray," he said, "I've been doing this job a long time, and a heart-breaking, discouraging job it is. I'm not sure of anything much, save I used to be when I started. Perhaps you're right, and Borstal would be the best thing for Roger, make a man of him. I don't think you are right, but you may be.

"But there's one thing I'm certain of," he said sternly. "A child is what you make him. If you want to know what makes a young criminal, I can tell you—his home, his family. Crime, Mrs. Gray, is a question of family relationships. If Roger is a thief, you have made him so. Oh yes, you have. First you spoilt him, and now you're jealous of him, because he is growing up and looking for a girl."

She shook her head impatiently and said to the sergeant, "Can I charge him, or can't I?"

"Well, you can, if you want to."

"It's not even very unusual," said Mr. Jennings. "Children charged by their own mothers for stealing from their own homes—it's getting an everyday thing in this court. I never knew one mother who didn't afterwards regret it."

"He'll be home about five," she said to the sergeant. "You'll know what to do."

"Bitterly regret it, Mrs. Gray," continued Mr. Jennings.

But she got up and left the station without speaking further to him.

She was at home well before five o'clock. For a few minutes she had thought of staying away, but she persuaded herself that would be cowardly. The constable came in, and she got him a cup of tea while they were waiting.

"What's the car outside for?" asked Roger as he entered, and then, seeing the policeman, "here, what's up?"

"You've got to take your punishment, Roger," she said, standing at the other side of the room.

Roger was staring at her. All he said was, "I'll not forget."

When they had gone, a huge feeling of triumph filled her. She wanted to dance little steps on the carpet. She wanted to sing and shout. Then suddenly she heard Charlie's key in the door, and she fled upstairs, sobbing with terror.

IT was six weeks later when, moping at her bedroom window, she saw the constable coming up the road again. She went listlessly down to let him in. She was alone in the house now that Charlie had left her—Charlie suddenly flaring up and hitting her across the mouth, shouting at her as she crouched in the corner, and then packing his things to go.

"And for good," he cried at her. "For good, see? And you'll get nothing out of me. Get yourself a job, to keep you."

That had been easy enough, factory, good money; and it was only for a while, he'd come back, she knew that.

The constable nodded when she opened the door.

"Has he come back yet?" he asked.

"Who? Charlie?"

The constable read his bit of paper. "No, Roger Gray. He's your boy, ain't he?"

"Roger," she cried, puzzled. "He's in Borstal."

"Was," corrected the constable. "He's done a bunk. Lots of 'em do. Don't worry, he'll come home, they always do. He isn't here yet?"

"Oh, he wouldn't come here," she said, her heart stuttering.

"6 out of 10 women just couldn't imagine how it was done"

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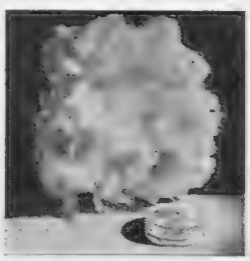

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FACE POWDER
ACTUALLY MADE OF SILK—REAL SILK

"Well, I'll look back some time," he said. "He'll turn up."

She shut the door on the constable and went silently into the kitchen to get herself a cup of tea. Roger. It seemed as though somebody had taken all the happenings of these last weeks to the top of a cliff, and tipped them over on her. She dropped the teapot and it smashed on the kitchen floor. She sat staring at the stain and the brown tea leaves, and she started to cry.

Suddenly she jumped up. Roger. It was getting dark. She hastened wildly round the house, bolting doors and fastening windows. But that wouldn't stop him. She ran into her bedroom for her coat. She'd go away; stay out.

WHEN she got down to the living-room, there he was.

She paused uncertainly, and said, "Hallo, Roger."

"Hallo, Mum," he said.

"Oh, Roger," she cried, moving forward impulsively to take him in her arms. Then she saw that he was holding something. And then she saw what it was. It was a small piece of wood with a razor blade embedded in it.

"Oh, Roger," she whispered.

"You thought you'd get away with it," he said evenly, "but I promised not to forget."

"Was it very bad in that place?" she asked.

"They shut me in a cell. How do you think that felt, eh?"

"Horrible."

"Yes, horrible. You did that to me. What did you do it for?"

For a moment she hesitated, then told him the truth.

"That girl. I couldn't stand it. I went sort of mad. I've been punished for it. Your dad's left me."

There was silence. She could hear a car go by.

"Why did you do it, eh?" he suddenly cried aloud.

"I don't know," she dully answered.

"I was going straight, wasn't I? I'd got Ruth. Everything was fine. You knew I never meant to steal that money. And now, a cell, and my whole life gone—they never let you forget. And Ruth gone. Why did you do it, eh?"

"I don't know," she repeated. "I was mad."

Then she went straight across and stood in front of him.

"Have you come back to hurt me?"

"I ought to do it," he whispered, raising his hand with the razor in it.

And suddenly he collapsed and was weeping on her breast, his arms round her. Like a child, she triumphed to herself, like a child. He was still a child, no more than a child.

She remembered all the times she had thus caressed him, when he had been naughty, when he was hurt and afraid. Nothing else ever mattered, when he was hers again. "It's all right now," she soothed him.

But it wasn't. She suddenly realized that, raising her head, listening. Everything was quiet. But it was not all right.

"Listen, Roger," she said urgently, "we can't stay here. We've got to get away."

"Where to?"

"Anywhere. What does it matter? They'll be after you, but we've got time. I'll get you away."

He shook his head. "Not a chance."

"Yes there is," she insisted. She would get a job, change name, somewhere they'd never find them—London, most likely, easy to get lost in London. They'd take a couple of rooms, somewhere quiet, no questions asked, and she'd get a job, factory, waitress. Her thoughts soared away to the little room, herself coming home at night, tired, but Roger there, gay as he always used to be, the two of them together; they always got on all right, just she and Roger.

"I've got enough money," she told him in a rapid voice. "We'll keep away from the station, get on a red bus, and take a train on the other line. Leave it to Mum, darling. I'll take care of you. . . ."

SHE broke off. There was a knocking on the front door. Roger shrank away from her and gripped into his pocket. She put her hand quickly over his mouth and whispered, "Quietly. Out the back way. Quick."

He hesitated, then made for the kitchen, she crowding close behind him. There was another knock at the front. Roger moved catlike across the kitchen to the door, reaching for the handle—and it moved before he could touch it. The door swung open, and there was Mr. Jennings.

Roger jumped back and whirled on his mother, arm upraised. "You tricked me again," he shouted.

"No, Roger," she screamed, "I swear. . . ."

The probation officer hit him, knocking back his arm. The razor blade tinkled on the tiled floor of the kitchen. Mr. Jennings had him in a strong grip. "Don't be such a young fool," he said calmly.

The constable was round from the front by now.

"No harm done," said Mr. Jennings cheerfully. "Don't worry, Roger, there won't be any more charges. It's nothing much to do a run from Borstal, they're used to it. It'll be all right."

"Come on, lad," said the constable. "Upsadaisy."

"Roger," she called after him, but he would not look at her. She put her head on her arms, stretched across the kitchen table, sobbing.

Mr. Jennings took out his pipe and fiddled with the rim of it, muttering, "God forgive us for the things we do to children.

"And to ourselves," he added uneasily. "And to our pitiful selves, God."

END

But Is It The Law?

(*Continued from page 9*)

We had an open car, and may have been a trifle wind-swept, but otherwise we looked comparatively respectable!

No, the receptionist was sorry, but there were no rooms left.

As we waited to be attended to, an opulent Rolls had driven up, and on our way out we heard the receptionist telling the occupants that there was one room vacant which they could have.

If we hadn't been so disgusted, I think we would have insisted on our right to that room, because innkeepers are not allowed to pick and choose between their customers, provided the customers come "in a situation in which they are fit to be received."

INNKEEPERS are, however, entitled to demand payment in advance and the traveller who insists on his right to be received should tender a reasonable sum of money.

But remember that anyone may quite lawfully be turned away if the hotel is full, if the visitor is drunk or a known bad character, or if he refuses to give his nationality. A foreigner must also give his name.

An innkeeper may book his rooms or tables in advance, and Lord Chief Justice Goddard decided in 1947, after much controversy, that an innkeeper was within his rights when he refused to serve some visitors with lunch because all his tables had been previously reserved.

Your "beast" must also be accommodated, if it is one that will go in a stable, and if there is room for it. Years ago the law decided that a motor car is a "beast," and as such it must be given shelter.

So, too, your dog must not be turned away if there is an outhouse or shed where it may sleep, but you cannot insist upon it coming into the hotel.

Even if you arrive very late at night, that is no excuse for refusing you accommodation. The law considers that one of the most important functions of an inn is to help travellers who are stranded late at night, or whose cars have broken down.

Since the war there have been an increasing number of actions against innkeepers. Perhaps, with more foreign travel, the English are realizing that, in comparison with other countries, the traditional hospitality of the English inn is not so great as it has always been made out to be!

A FREQUENT problem when you are motoring in a strange town is where to park your car. The official car parks are sometimes full, and maybe the only space you can find is in front of a private house or building, with a notice on the fence, "No Parking."

Does this really mean that you may not park? No, the owner of the house is merely attempting to deter you from doing so.

No private citizen can stop you parking in a road, where you are, by the local bye-laws, allowed to park, unless you are blocking up the gate or driveway to his house or business premises.

Parking regulations and signs vary in different parts of the country, so make sure that you are allowed to leave your car in the High Street while you go to the cinema, even if there are no yellow bands on the lamp posts.

When you drop into the "local," if it is your custom to do so, you are quite safe in leaving your car in the place normally used for parking, if the innkeeper allows you to leave it there, and even if it should be stolen you may claim compensation for it.

Normally an innkeeper's liability is limited to £30 for the loss of the goods of any guest on the premises, but the Act of Parliament imposing this limit specifically excludes carriages and so if your car is stolen or damaged you can claim the full value.

This limit of £30 only applies to him if he displays a copy of the Innkeepers' Liability Act of 1863 in a prominent position in the inn, and if this is not on view you can claim the full value of the goods lost or stolen.

He cannot dodge his responsibilities by a notice to visitors in bedrooms telling them to keep any valuables locked up, but if the innkeeper specifically says that he will be liable for goods placed in a particular place, under lock and key, then he is not liable if they are lost in another part of the premises.

On the other hand, if the innkeeper refuses to give safe custody to any valuables, then he loses the protection of the Act, and his liability becomes unlimited.

Probably the most common things lost at an inn are coats and hats, and even if you are only a visitor and not staying there, you may claim for their loss.

Another optimistic notice, which is not enforceable, is: "Trespassers will be prosecuted." Now it is well known that trespassers *cannot* be prosecuted, but it is not so well known that you may be sued in a civil court if you do any damage on another man's land, be that damage ever so small.

For instance, thirty-three trippers were once fined a total of five shillings for sitting on the grass in a field; a botanist was called as an expert witness, and he estimated that each person had done damage amounting to one penny!

Another point on trespassing is that by some stroke of bad luck you might have an accident while on the land. If you had been there by invitation, or as of right, you could perhaps have obtained damages against the owner, but as a trespasser you will not be able to.

END

But Is It The Law?

A case in point is that of a baby girl who was playing on a railway line. A train ran over her, and she had to have a leg amputated. The judge who heard her claim said that if she had been there lawfully he would have awarded her £8,000 damages, but as she was trespassing he could give her nothing.

Another notice, one that I always find particularly irritating, is "Private," on a beach. This, however unfortunate it may seem, is quite legal, as the owner of land adjoining the sea is also owner of the sea shore down to a point which is reached by an ordinary high tide. But all the shore below that belongs to the Crown, and may not be claimed by a private individual.

Anyone who likes walking will be pleased to know that, at last, existing rights of way and footpaths are to be established for all time.

The National Parks and Access to the Countryside Act came into force at the beginning of this year, and members of the Ramblers Association have been checking footpaths all over the country. This summer, for the first time, people who are on hiking holidays will know exactly where they can and cannot go.

END

People In Miniature

(*Continued from page* 20)

The voluptuous gay nineties, represented dramatically in black and white by figures based on Beardsley's sketches, demand built-up shoulders. Tight-laced ladies, bosomed Regency beauties—there is a different technique for each epoch and type.

Once the upper part of the body is moulded—which usually, but not always, means it is also dressed—Mrs. Lunn makes the skirt on which the figure rests. None of her ladies stand on their own two feet—there is a limit to what wool can do even in Mrs. Lunn's inventive hands. Nevertheless, she did make Moira Shearer dancing on her toes, but with artistic licence gave her a wide, long cloak which, standing stiffly, supports the dancer.

Skirts are normally crocheted hollow bells, often with stiff underskirts to give substance and billowing overskirts to give the right appearance. Once the skirt is stitched to the waist, the adornment starts. Bustles are stitched or crocheted, bows are looped, bodices finished. Some of the figures are exact replicas of famous paintings, others are derived from rubbings of medieval brasses. Mrs. Lunn has also created composite pictures of an era's costume and manners and her interpretations of characters from fiction.

EACH hair is put on separately, veils are crocheted from fine lace-mending thread, crowns and circlets from gold and silver tinsel. Jewellery, hats, head-dresses, even muffs and handkerchiefs are carefully "planned."

Mrs. Lunn does extensive library and gallery research on period and person before she embarks on a new figure. She finishes one before starting the next: "I like to soak myself in my character. I must know the colour of her eyes as well as her temperament before I start sculpting and stitching."

So well does she know what she means to do that she has never yet had to destroy a figure or even change a single stitch—and there are up to 60,000 in one figure! The only sketches she ever makes are rough ones in galleries. Her mind's eye sees clearly and retains the picture.

This original artist's needle-painting is as effective as brushwork—an eyebrow raised the fraction of an inch gives just that supercilious air with which Fanny Burney expresses her dislike of being Mistress of the Robes—she is portrayed in the garb of that office. And Emily Brontë's rather bookish, old-maid look is unmistakably there—but how is it achieved? Perhaps a *hint* of a downward twist at the corners of the mouth?

In an unequalled way these figures give both aesthetic enjoyment and factual information. "Fashion detail" through the ages come to life and make us realize our own simple and really rather clumsy notions! But these mannequins show more—they teach us posture by making us notice posture. Queen Mary's regal poise is as unique in this collection as it was in actuality during her lifetime. The Gibson Girls are much less naughty than the Toulouse-Lautrec ladies. How does Mrs. Lunn get just that swing of the hips, just that sweep of the upturned head, just that angle of the questioning hand? "I really don't know," sighs Mrs. Lunn. "I have never been able to explain even to myself. But when an artist has an inspiration he can usually express it—whatever his medium. Well, my medium is wool and stitchery and so I've just got to express my ideas in wool and stitchery!"

It takes Mrs. Lunn from three to eight weeks to make a figure. She has never made any notes and has no hard and fast technique. In fact she has to make one arm *immediately* after the other, or else she forgets how she got "just that thickness." The only "trick" she can remember is the method by which Queen Victoria got her plump, droopy cheeks: "I took two knitting needles, stuck them through her cheeks and just pulled hard!"

She has never attempted to portray men. "Somehow I can't imagine a crocheted and stitched woolly man to look *true*!" she says. A man would indeed be an intruder in this world of grace, charm and poise—as delightfully feminine as a Dresden shepherdess!

END

Romance

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In Search Of Ancestors (*Continued from page 12*)

masters. Thus a man who was, say, on the staff of the Bishop of Bath and Wells might either be called Bath *or* Wells. The result is that today his descendants will be in the two distinct families of Bath *and* Wells—and neither of them dreaming that they may be in any way connected by a common ancestor.

Surnames, as additional names, have many odd beginnings.

Probably most of them come from localities (as Stanley=Stane-lea, or a stony meadow).

A man might be called John, and to identify himself from another John in the same area, he would be called John-of-the-Stane-lea, and so to the contraction, John Stanley.

Others are baptismal names—Johnson=Son-of-John. Others are the surnames of office or occupation; as Falconer or Faulkner, for a man who looked after the falcons of some local lord. And, of course, there are such obvious ones as Smith and Cook and Miller.

Then there are surnames that began as nicknames—and were so apt that they stuck. 'A man who was unusually agile might be nicknamed Hart or Golightly.

Some men were called after birds or beasts (but, oddly, never after fish). A flashy man might be called Jay after the bright little bird of that name; a crafty man, Rook; a proud one, Peacock. From beasts come such surnames as Bull, Bullock, Lamb.

Special relationships also resulted in surnames: Cousin(s), Fairbrother, Senior and Younger. And terms of friendship ("My good fellow . . .") have given us Goodfellow, Goodman, Bellamy, and so on.

Other surnames arose out of the temperaments of our ancestors. As Freeman—a man who loved to be free; Proudfellow, Gay, Doughty, Merriman.

THIS business of tracing one's own ancestry and finding out what one's forebears did and where and how they lived is indeed fascinating. But I think there is also another reason for the present popularity of probing the past.

In the words of Mr. Church: "Nowadays, the future often looks uncertain, and we turn back with nostalgia to a past that seems peaceful and secure by comparison. . . ."

END

Frozen Facts (*Continued from page 40*)

are long in transit to the consumer. The quick-freeze method eliminates this delay and it is claimed that vegetables and fruit are frozen within two and a half hours of gathering. The all-important factor in this business is speed.

No preservatives are used in the preparation of these foods but syrup is added to some fruits to prevent what is called "leeching"—the oxidization which causes discoloration.

Strawberries and raspberries begin to leech immediately after gathering and are, therefore, quick-frozen as speedily as they can be picked.

A criticism that is sometimes levelled at frozen packaged foods is that they cannot be seen when they are purchased. There is not in fact the same need to inspect the goods when they are as carefully selected as all frozen foods have to be at the time of freezing.

It is an extraordinary fact that the public do not as yet fully avail themselves of the out-of-season foods that this method of preparing offers. Shopkeepers report that the sales of frozen fruits and vegetables soar immediately the fresh variety come into season. Raspberries and strawberries are not much in demand during winter months but immediately the fruit season opens quick-freeze packets sell with amazing speed.

Although sixty-five per cent of all frozen food sales are of peas, beans and spinach are running close favourites. None of these three popular vegetables needs more than five minutes in boiling water for cooking. It is a mistake to give them more, thereby sacrificing flavour and food value.

THE whole story of quick-freezing started in 1928 when an American called Clarence Birdseye was on a fishing holiday in Labrador and noticed that fish and caribou meat very rapidly froze as it came into contact with the arctic air. It was, as he described it, "Embalmed in ice so that no deterioration took place and the food crystallized in the arctic freeze was as fresh flavoured and tender when thawed out and eaten even several months later."

The people associated with the processing of these foods make no claim to replacing home cooking. That, they admit, would be a sad thing, but hundreds of thousands of busy women welcome this accessory aid to cooking.

One well-known processor is anticipating more and more success with quick-frozen fish which has the special advantage of being already cleaned and without bones and skin. Another is adding calves' head in port wine sauce to their already enormous list of cooked quick-frozen dishes.

There is great competition ahead in this new branch of food industry. As Mr. Smedley says, it will revolutionize much of the trade. It can hardly be physically possible to reduce the freezing time to lower than the present record, and in some crops it is a matter of success or failure to get them all in and frozen during the brief period. Labour from every available source is recruited, no easy matter as it is just the moment when farmers are using all hands, and as the quick-freeze centres must be near the crops.

One amusing experiment Frood failed in is quick-freezing a boiled egg—it simply cannot be done so far they admit.

END

Like New Again (*Continued from page 41*)

made into one, when the upper side wears thin. The under side of another similar case can be substituted and stitched by hand or machine to the top side of the worn case. Cut the thin part away from the inside, and the result is one strong case from two worn ones.

Piping cords often appear in loops round the arm edge of loose covers. These can be repaired most effectively by sewing over and over the cord on to the cover with gay coloured wools or fast-coloured embroidery cottons. The effect of choosing the predominant colours in the covers and doing little blocks of stitches over the cord of each colour is really very good.

When patching loose covers, try and follow the design. Sometimes an appliqué flower or piece of the design can give a good effect. So much *can* be done with patching covers, but new material even though it once matched will make the older material look faded. Large pieces can be used from under the loose cushions and replaced with plain, and if a settee stands against a wall, the back of the settee cover can be cut away and replaced by plain material, giving a large piece of unworn fabric for fresh arm pieces or the edge of a seat, etc.

A good tip when laundering old loose covers that have worn rather tender, is not to iron them at all, but to wash them on a blowy day, and before they are quite dry, put them on the furniture and smooth out carefully with the hands into all corners and at arms, etc. If left for a day before using, especially if the room is warm no ironing will be required.

END

Rings On Her Fingers (*Continued from page 11*)

one might say, high jinks. Nobody was surprised in those days when a pretty and expensively dressed woman alighted from her carriage and, sighing prettily, exclaimed that life was "too tedious" and could Asprey's not find *something* to relieve the encircling gloom? It was just part of the jewellers' service to know exactly what might please and exactly to whom the account should be rendered.

But, of course, diplomacy on the other side of the counter reached its zenith when the wife of Mr. or Lord so-and-so came in to toy, unconvincingly perhaps, with the glittering merchandise and to inquire, a little too casually, if her husband had made any purchases recently. Such expensively romantic business has sadly declined but large gestures are still made—sometimes quite casually and even by women. Only recently a very elderly lady telephoned and expressed a wish to choose a diamond. Could they be sent to her home for her to see? Of course they could. The assistant entrusted with the sale laid his glittering jewels before his customer.

With only a few moments for consideration she selected the largest of them. "How much is this one, please?"

"Twenty-thousand pounds, madam."

The lady smiled, took her cheque book from her handbag and without rising from her chair, calmly wrote the cheque upon her knee. "I do hope I have put in enough noughts," she said. The jewel was for a coming-of-age gift.

But normal business today means a quiet coming and going of clients, oddly and without apparent reason in small bursts. There is the gentle and unending flow of couples looking for engagement rings; for wedding and birthday gifts and, even in these stringent times, the young wife who, calling in the first place to bring a ring for cleaning has her attention caught by a flashing piece. Diamond ear-rings perhaps. "How lovely. How much is that?"

"Eighty pounds, madam."

"Oh, may I take it back and show it to my husband?"

The chances are ten-to-one that once the husband has seen it Asprey's will never see it again.

And how much there is to enchant the eye that loves to linger upon glittering stones. If you are susceptible your fancy may be caught by diamond and platinum ear-rings with detachable drops that make a clip for daytime wear. These you may have for twelve hundred and fifty pounds. Then, if fancy turns that way, you may choose a flexible diamond bracelet made to caress a slim wrist with sapphire clusters and diamonds set in platinum. Seven hundred pounds is the price. Maybe a ring for your finger in platinum and diamonds with a trap cut centre and baguette diamond shoulders offset with small brilliants. The choice and brilliance is bewildering if you look for a gift and do not have to look for money

BUT modern lovers tend more and more to lean upon the understanding of the assistant. Your young lover today often makes a private visit to Asprey's before he brings his fiancée to request that no ring above a hundred pounds shall be shown "on the day." For all this there was a young man quite recently who made the rather astonishing stipulation that three thousand pounds was to be the limit. "I'm sure you understand my position."

Asprey's were not sure, on this occasion, that they did. Was his bride-to-be so wildly extravagant or was it that he had only three thousand pounds in the world? Where a woman is loved, and loves a jewel, they know that sometimes the financial sky has no ceiling.

But assistants are never partisan, and the woman's viewpoint is as often favoured as the man's. Wives and sweethearts, knowing that a present is in the offing, often make their own preliminary and private visits. Having chosen precisely what she wants she instructs the assistant to produce it at the appropriate moment.

Women are loved and welcomed at the great jewellers and rightly so. They are the compliment to beautiful jewels. They may, as they have done for centuries, waver, decide, reverse the decision, exasperate and charm, but there among the rings and bracelets and the ironic wink of a diamond costing thirty-thousand pounds they reign supreme and in a world chaotic they continue to do so.

END

Just An Ordinary Garden

(*Continued from page* 17)

At such a time Tuffs' garden is at its best. Tulips, which began blooming with the early *Kaufmaniana* variety, are then to be counted in their hundreds, as gay as Jacob's coat of many colours. There are narcissi, grown thickly enough to call to mind those Provençal mountain meadows where the morning air is pungent with their scent and the village women come gathering them for market; wistaria, whose gracefully curling vines, bunched with tresses of flowers, throw a delicate trellis of shadow on the white-washed walls; white lilac, as lovely in moonlight as in sunlight and twice as fragrant; stocks and wallflowers, lilies of the valley, and, everywhere, polyanthuses, whose *Munstead* variety always conjures up in my mind a picture of that most redoubtable gardener, Gertrude Jeykell, being wheeled round her immense Surrey garden while the plants were handed up to her so that she, and she only, might perform the delicate operation of dividing them before replanting.

And, of course, there are the gentians, the *gentiana acaulis* in particular. Gentians, and no wonder, appeal to everybody, whether simple or sophisticated; and mine, I find, call forth an Oh! of admiration more than anything else in the garden. I remember a charming young American woman gazing down at them and exclaiming: "What couldn't a woman do, whose eyes were that colour!"

I began my gentian bed with two small plants, which, as they grew, I divided, until last year I had the joy of counting (every keen gardener counts his choicer blooms) eighty-eight flowers at one time. And I had neither pampered the plants, by giving them as nearly natural conditions as possible, nor had I treated them roughly by treading on them, as popular opinion holds is the proper thing to do with gentians.

FROM which it may be gathered that I am not an admirer of rock gardens. Too often they seem to me an affectation and only a little less silly than garden gnomes and toadstools and Austrian glass baubles. I am the more convinced in my dislike because experience has taught me that I can grow all the alpines I want in the borders and with never a rock in sight.

It will be gathered from what I have said that Tuffs is by no manner of means a show-place. Weeds are apt to get the upper hand. Lawns are full of dandelions, paths are spangled with daisies. My hedge is a disgrace. My pruning is erratic and never severe enough. And altogether my gardening methods would never meet with the horticulturist's approval.

But there you are: I hold that a garden is for recreation—nicely tempered by just enough work to have earned it. I will not be my garden's slave.

What is more, I even prefer a certain natural disorder. I like to see the lawn patterned with unswept leaves. Fallen rose petals on the grass delight me almost as much as the roses themselves. And when my banks and ditches are smothered with cow parsley, Queen Anne's Lace, I do not feel in the least ashamed. Why should I? Something, as the poet said, should be left to God.

END

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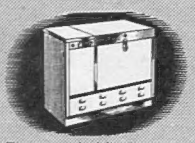

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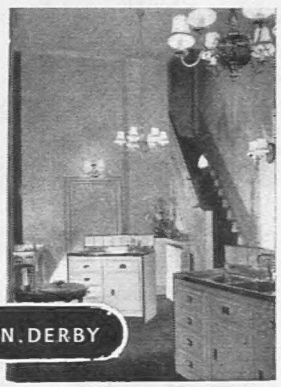

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The Little Red Bag (*Continued from page 8*)

"Oh I do like you, Jo. I do wish you were my real Dad."

"Might be fun at that. Now, listen carefully, Princess, you got to do something for me. When we get to that place where we're going I'll show you how to get home——"

"Aren't you coming with me?"

"Not on your sweet life. And if anyone asks you what you been doing today, tell 'em you walked in the Park."

"But that wouldn't be true."

"It's this way, Princess. If you don't say that you're going to get me in a whole heap of trouble. You wouldn't want to do that?"

"No, Jo."

"When you're bigger you'll know that there are some kind of lies that are good lies. Same as anything else, there's good lies and bad lies. So you never saw me. Not even if they was to show you my photograph."

"Why should they do that?"

"I'm not saying they will—but you never know. And that little red bag—you lost that bag weeks ago. If they find that bag it isn't yours. Understand?"

"I suppose so."

"I got to trust you. My bad luck you were along."

"That's rude. Gran says one must always talk polite—even to Mrs. Smithson."

"Bet your Gran knows how to suck eggs."

Jenny giggled. "We don't get any eggs."

HE turned off the main road and Jenny noticed a sign that said Epping. She'd heard about Epping. It was a forest and it had deer. She sat up straight and looked about her. Wouldn't it be wonderful if she were to see some deer running wild, their horns brushing against the undergrowth.

The side road ran ultimately into a rutted track over which the car bounced. Jo went more slowly till they saw, standing back from the road, an empty, dilapidated house with a broken sign that said For Sale. Jo drove the car up past the house and round to the back where there were stables and garages.

"Hop out, Princess. We've arrived."

He switched off the engine, took the little parcel out of the cubby and pushed it under the back seat.

"Aren't you taking it with you, Jo?"

"Going to leave it there to cool."

Queer, but then so many things had been queer on this ride that Jenny just accepted the statement.

Jo pointed across the field. "There's a main road along there. Let's get going."

She put her hand into his and he adjusted his long stride to her short steps. "I'll walk with you to the end of this field," he said. "Then you go straight on and when you come to the main road you turn left. You'll see a Tube station. Got any money?"

"No." He brought half a crown out of his pocket and she looked at it and shook her head. "I'm only half. I won't need all that."

"Buy yourself some sweets with the change."

"Gran says I mustn't take money from strangers."

He closed her fingers round the coin. "Your Gran talks too much."

They had come to the end of the first field. He looked down at her and smiled. "This is goodbye, Princess. Remember what I told you."

"I'll remember, Jo." She turned her face up to him expectantly. "Thank you for my ride and I—I don't really mind so much about the little red bag."

"Exhibit A!" He picked her up and for a moment he held her face level with his own. Then he shook his head, set her down, and rumpled her hair. "Goodbye, Princess."

"When'll I see you again, Jo?"

"I'll be along some day."

She clung to his arm. "Dad must have been like you, Jo." She sighed. "Oh I do wish you really were my Dad." He disengaged himself gently. "Scram." He turned and started to walk away.

SHE stood where he had set her down and watched till he was out of sight. Then she moved slowly towards the main road. It felt lonely now that Jo had gone.

Still it was exciting riding in the Tube. When she got to Piccadilly she didn't hurry. Lots of gay shops. Lot of things she and Mum wanted to buy. With the change she got herself a bun and it was nearly teatime before she reached home.

Mrs. Smithson must have been lying in wait, because she pounced immediately, accusingly. "Where you been all day?"

"In the Park."

"Nasty business two streets away. It's in the evening papers. Messenger from that smart jewellers got coshed. Funny thing, they found——" Mrs. Smithson looked at Jenny eagerly. "Where's your little red bag?"

"I lost it weeks ago."

"You little liar. I see you go out with it this morning."

"I never did."

"What a whopper. What'd your Gran say?"

"I'm not a liar," said Jenny painfully.

"The police want to find the little girl who had the bag."

"Well it wasn't me." Jenny edged past Mrs. Smithson. "Excuse me," she said loftily. "I must lay the table for Gran."

Jenny breathed more easily when she heard Mrs. Smithson go out. She was tired. She curled up in the armchair and fell asleep.

At five o'clock there was a knock. Jenny woke with a start to see a police lady and a policeman. They wanted her to go with them to the station.

On the high counter in the police station lay her precious bag. From behind the counter the inspector looked at her kindly.

"Take your time, young lady. No need to be frightened. How did you lose this bag?"

"That's not my bag," said Jenny.

They couldn't shake her. Her hands longed to stretch out and take it, but she clasped them behind her back.

The police lady walked back with her so Mrs. Smithson had no chance to question her. Gran came home with the kippers. Jenny didn't tell her anything.

NEXT day Gran sent her to the butcher to get a bit of scrag and on the butcher's counter was the morning paper. On the front page was a big picture of Jo.

"Do you think, Mister, I could have that paper for my Gran?"

"Sure, Missie. Here's your bit of scrag."

Jenny took the paper home to read. There were some long words she didn't understand but she gathered that "Happy Jo" had been hurt resisting arrest. He was in Charing Cross Hospital. The insurance company was offering a reward of five hundred pounds for any information leading to the recovery of the jewels.

Jenny burnt the newspaper in the empty grate. She would have liked to visit Jo but she supposed that little girls wouldn't be allowed into a great big hospital.

Later they came round again from the police station. They showed her Jo's photograph. They were very kind and patient.

"We know he frightened you into telling lies, but you needn't be afraid any more. He can't touch you now."

"Why not?" she asked.

"He's badly hurt and if he should recover he'll probably be locked up for life. Come on, kid, tell us what you know."

"I don't know nothing," said Jenny.

They came again next day in a police car. "Happy Jo wants to see you, kid. He's going to croak. He's struck a bargain. He's putting you on to a good thing." She looked doubtfully from one to the other. "I don't know no Happy Jo," but she was weakening.

They guided her into the car where she sat very small and frightened between two fatherly men in blue.

At the hospital the nurse led them down miles of corridors, then opened a door and there was Jo, lying in bed, looking very white, but still smiling. On the other side of the bed was a very correct gentleman.

"Jo!" Jenny rushed towards him. "I didn't tell."

He rumpled her hair. "I know you didn't, Princess. Remember where we put that little parcel? Think you could find the place again?"

"Where the deer—only there weren't any deer—I remember."

Jo put his hand under his pillow and pulled out a wad of notes. "Think you and your Gran could use these?" He grinned at her suddenly. "That's not taking money from strangers men. You're going to earn it. Mr. Dean is going to pay you to show him where I put that little packet."

"Why? It can't be worth all that."

"And a lot more. That's the reward for finding it. Mr. Dean has got a car. He'll take you along the North Circular Road and you'll show him where to turn."

"Must I go now? I'd rather stay with you."

"Run along, Princess. I'll be here when you get back."

MR. DEAN had a big chauffeur-driven car. They travelled swiftly and in silence.

Presently Mr. Dean had the parcel in his inner pocket. Back at the hospital Jo handed Jenny the notes.

She looked at them doubtfully. "If we gave the policemen these, Jo, perhaps they'd let you go."

"No, Princess. I've had it coming for a long time."

She started to cry, silently, heartbreakingly. Jo moved his head uneasily. "Stop bawling or I'll bash you like I bashed that messenger."

"You wouldn't never!"

"That's all you know. Scram. Go home to your Gran. Somebody take her away."

The policeman touched her lightly but she turned from him and ran back to the bed and put her arms round Jo's neck. "I'll go. Honest I'll go. But I do wish you'd been my Dad."

"How do you know I ain't?"

"Oh Jo—I always thought you might be."

"How do you know you didn't think right?"

She wiped her eyes with the back of her hand. She drew herself up proudly. Her smile was dazzling. "I'll be back tomorrow, Dad," she said and walked proudly from the room.

* * *

That evening she told Gran the whole story with the wad of notes lying between them on the table.

"I love him so, Gran. Even if he was bad he's good, if you know what I mean. And I hoped he might be my Dad." The pale face was flushed with excitement. "And he was, Gran, he was. He told me so himself."

Gran was about to contradict and then she looked at the child's shining face and her eyes grew wise and her mouth which was puckered at the corners grew soft.

"Strange things do happen, Jenny. It's time you were in bed, lovey."

After Jenny was asleep Gran sat for a long time thinking of Jenny's father, who was Gran's good, honest, upright son, and who lay in Kensal Green beside his wife, both killed so young in a railway accident. She fingered the notes. This "Happy Jo" must in his own way be a good man, too.

END

1.7.53

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. . . thanks to Parozone. It's so easy to achieve this crisp, white 'professional' look in my home laundry . . . and, of course, that's only part of Parozone's achievements. I use it, too, to bring a spotless gleam to porcelain and tiles—to add an extra sparkle to crystal and glassware and, also to ensure germ-free freshness in sink, lavatory bowl and drains. For the good of your home—insist on Parozone!

A HOUSEHOLD NAME FOR OVER 60 YEARS

PAROZONE

REG.

DOES *MORE* THAN BLEACH

GLASGOW AND AT LONDON, NOTTINGHAM AND WOKING

Fight *Mouth Acid* and save her teeth!

Why do most people lose half their teeth before they're forty? Dentists say that one of the main causes is mouth acid—particularly harmful to young teeth. To check this acid, many dentists advise 'Milk of Magnesia'*, contained only in one toothpaste—Phillips' Dental Magnesia. Make sure your child uses this anti-acid toothpaste; its delightful mint flavour makes them eager to use it regularly—safeguarding their teeth during these early important years.

PHILLIPS' DENTAL MAGNESIA REGD. **TOOTHPASTE**

PRICES STILL KEPT DOWN

***ONLY* 1'6 & 2'3**

* *'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia.*

"Hasn't he ever heard of ODO·RO·NO?"

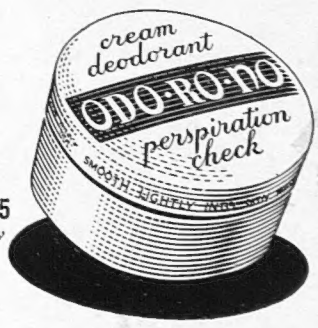
The truth may hurt . . . but it's far better to know!

Everybody perspires — every day of the year. And men are no exception. If anything, they're the worst offenders. So remind your menfolk of the importance of using Odo-Ro-No. Tell them how perspiration evaporates quickly from most of the body, but not from under the arms. How it soils shirts, spoils clothes. And how — worst of all — it leaves that tell-tale odour they, themselves, may not notice, but others certainly will.

A daily bath isn't enough. Only an effective deodorant *and* anti-perspirant like Odo-Ro-No gives complete underarm protection — not for seconds, not for minutes, but for hours.

So give them womanly advice — to make Odo-Ro-No a daily *habit.*

- Checks perspiration safely
- Stops odour instantly
- No waiting — just wipe away any surplus
- Never irritates normal skin
- Will not rot fabrics
- Stays creamy always



IN JARS 1/6 and 2/5

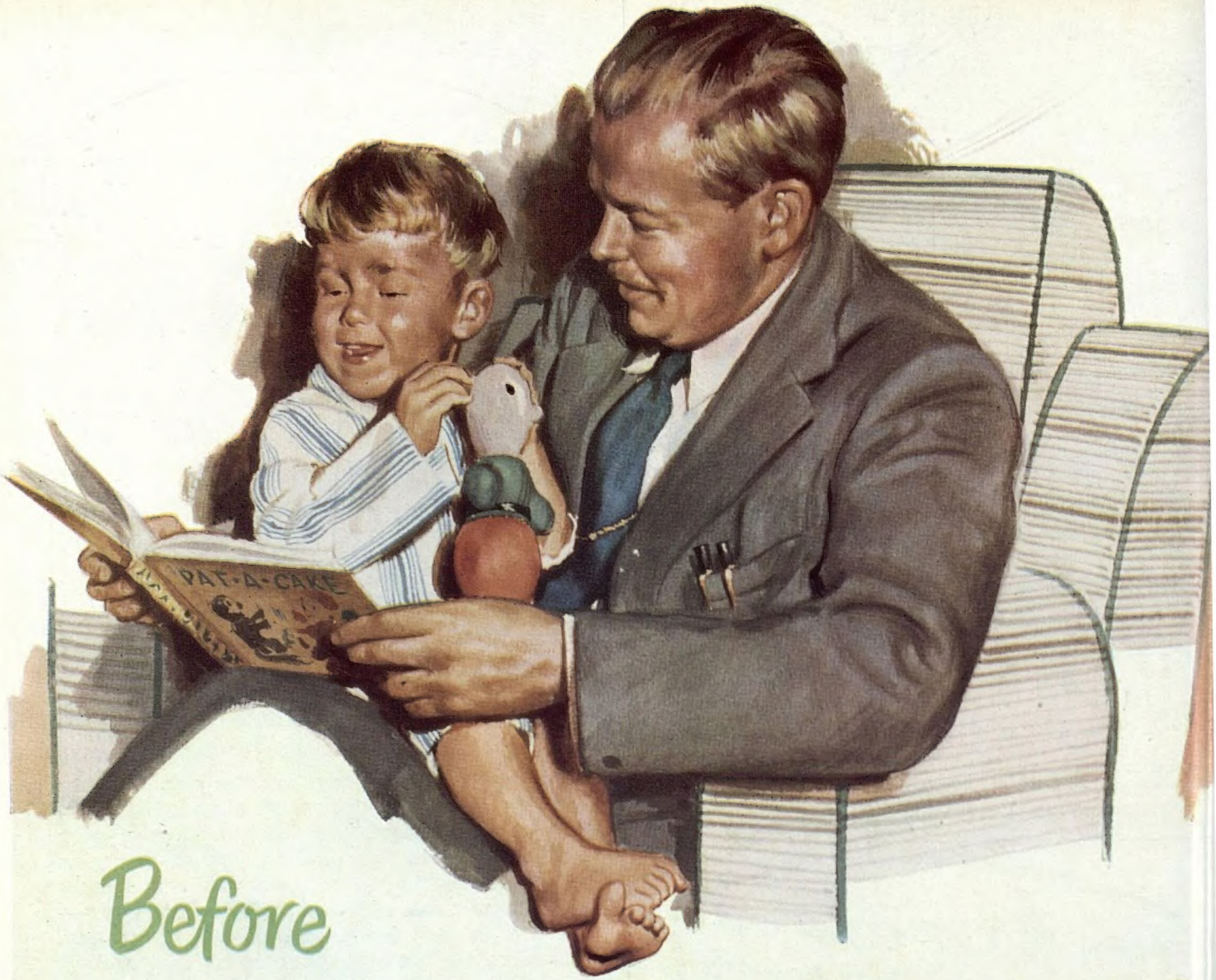
Most cream for your money

HANDY SPRAY 3/9

Quick and economical to use

Use **ODO·RO·NO** daily and be sure of yourself

8



Before we say GOOD NIGHT!

WHAT ARE FARLEY'S RUSKS?

Farley's is a balanced cereal food made in the form of a rusk, providing baby, in the most easily digested form, with that first solid food which must be added to milk feeds — in fact a Farley's Rusk in warm milk is a nourishing and sustaining food for children of all ages.

What a delightful picture they make—proud father, living in the same happy dream world of the child, as he reads "just that last page" to the sturdy little fellow on his knee. It seems such a pity to disturb them, doesn't it—but Mother knows that a good, long night of contented sleep is essential to maintain the health and sturdy growth of her child. Mother also knows the importance of regular feeding, also how essential it is that babies should *really enjoy* their food— That is why so many mothers give their babies Farley's from the very first moment they start on solids. Babies love Farley's and what is so very important is that they never seem to tire of them. In fact Mothers all over the world will tell you—"You won't have any bother feeding Farley's"

FARLEY'S RUSKS

Baby's first solid food

FARLEY'S INFANT FOOD LTD. PLYMOUTH. DEVON